Are Soviet Schools Better Than Ours?

February 20, 1958 25¢

Indonesia: The Dutch Depart, the Communists Dig In

THE REPORTER

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WE CAN HAVE THE SCHOOLS WE WANT!

That is, if we want better schools badly enough to work . . . and keep on working . . . for them!

Great strides have already been made in the never-ending struggle to provide enough classrooms for our country's schools, enough teachers, enough textbooks and supplies. Citizens in communities across the country have banded together in local groups to face the problems that have been endangering their children's education . . . *and* their future. These citizens have found that working for better schools can be one of the most rewarding of all experiences . . . as well as the finest of contributions to their communities and children.

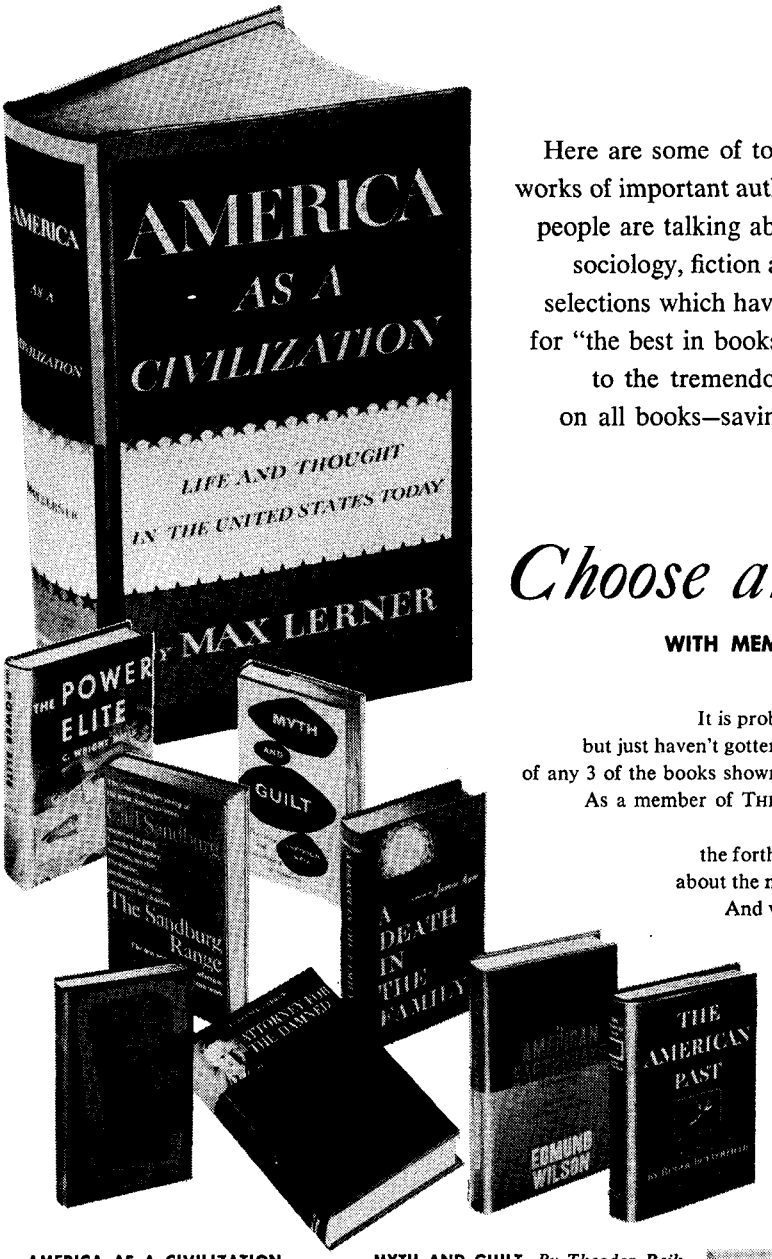
The need for better schools, however, right here in our community . . . as well as elsewhere . . . is still very much with us and will continue to be with us for years to come. Only by planning and working together (for at least another ten years) will we have the schools our children deserve.

For information on how other communities have faced their problems, write today to BETTER SCHOOLS, 9 East 40th Street, New York 36, New York.

PUBLIC SERVICE ADVERTISING COUNCIL

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Provocative...*outstanding*...



LERNER

Here are some of today's most provocative books—works of important authors of our time. These are books people are talking about—critically acclaimed "outstanding" in history, sociology, fiction and science. Each is representative of the typical selections which have earned THE BOOK FIND CLUB its reputation for "the best in books." And may we call your attention to the tremendous savings which members receive on all books—savings up to 50% of the retail price.

SANDBURG

Choose any 3 for only 3.95

WITH MEMBERSHIP IN THE BOOK FIND CLUB

It is probable that you have been meaning to read some of these volumes but just haven't gotten around to it. Now . . . for only $3.95, you can have your choice of any 3 of the books shown here as a special introductory offer to THE BOOK FIND CLUB. As a member of THE BOOK FIND CLUB you will receive Free the monthly editions of the *Book Find News*, containing an authoritative review of the forthcoming selection and other interesting and informative material about the many titles offered to members—all at special membership prices. And with each fourth book you purchase, you will receive the current Bonus Book, adding up to even greater savings.

Start your membership in THE BOOK FIND CLUB with any three of the books shown here, and assure yourself of receiving the outstanding books of 1958.

The Book Find Club

Fill out Coupon and Mail Today

AMERICA AS A CIVILIZATION. *By Max Lerner.* A brilliant insight into the workings of America. An examination of the automatic factory, public relations, steady dating, the split-level home, and many more aspects of the growing pains of a nation. *Pub. at $10.00.*

ALBERT CAMUS: The Invincible Summer. *By Albert Maquet.* No writer has become a classic more quickly than Nobel Prize winner Albert Camus. Here is the first full-length study in English of all Camus's novels, stories, plays and essays supplemented by a complete bibliography. **Pub. at $3.75.**

THE SANDBURG RANGE. *By Carl Sandburg.* 496 pages, 16 pages of photographs, portraits and caricatures, 6⅛" x 9¼". A single volume that presents every aspect of a notable literary career, including Sandburg as poet, biographer, historian, novelist and storyteller for children. *Pub. at $6.00.*

THE POWER ELITE. *By C. Wright Mills.* A thoughtful, carefully documented scrutiny of America's new "top-drawer" ruling class, the men and women at the pinnacles of fame and power and fortune. *Pub. at $6.00.*

MYTH AND GUILT. *By Theodor Reik.* A foremost psychoanalyst explores the crime and punishment of mankind and probes human guilt-feelings. *Pub. at $5.75*

A DEATH IN THE FAMILY. *By James Agee.* An extremely moving novel about a loving and closely knit family and of the loss and heartbreak in that intimate circle when a beloved member suddenly dies. *Pub. at $3.95.*

ATTORNEY FOR THE DAMNED. *A portrait of Clarence Darrow in his own words, edited by Arthur Weinberg.* The most famous courtroom addresses from one of America's greatest lawyers and humanitarians, brought together for the first time. *Pub. at $6.50.*

THE AMERICAN PAST. *By Roger Butterfield.* A panorama in pictures and words of the entire history of the United States, newly revised and updated with additional text and plates. *Pub. at $6.95.*

THE AMERICAN EARTHQUAKE. *By Edmund Wilson.* A Documentary of the Jazz Age, the Great Depression, and the New Deal, in which Edmund Wilson recreates one of the most turbulent and interesting periods of our history. *Pub. at $6.00.*

THE BOOK FIND CLUB, 215 Fourth Avenue, New York 3

Please enroll me as a member and send me, for only $3.95 plus 24¢ postage and handling, the *three* books I have chosen. I am to receive free the monthly *Book Find News*. I agree to purchase at least 4 additional books during my first year of membership; and I am to receive a Free bonus book for each four purchases. I may cancel my membership without obligation at any time after accepting four selections.

- ☐ AMERICA AS A CIVILIZATION
- ☐ THE SANDBURG RANGE
- ☐ MYTH AND GUILT
- ☐ ATTORNEY FOR THE DAMNED
- ☐ A DEATH IN THE FAMILY
- ☐ CAMUS: The Invincible Summer
- ☐ THE AMERICAN PAST
- ☐ THE POWER ELITE
- ☐ THE AMERICAN EARTHQUAKE

NAME _____ (please print)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____ RE-2-208

(Same price in Canada: Address 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Canada)

PHOTOS: SANDBURG BY ED STEIN; LERNER BY HALSMAN

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Our Man

It is rash these days to single out the one diplomatic blunder which is likely to go down in history as an all-time low. But a few days ago we thought that Marshal Bulganin had made it. In his latest letter to President Eisenhower he was broad-minded enough to admit that diplomatic negotiations may play a useful role in preparing the ground for a summit meeting, but as to a conference of foreign ministers preceding the one of the chiefs of state he had this to say:

"I only wish to note that, considering the biased position of certain possible participants in a ministerial conference, we cannot be confident that talks on this level would not create additional obstacles to the organization of a summit conference and would not nip this important measure at the very bud."

The reaction in Congress and in the press, among both friends and critics of the administration, has been unanimous and furious. Bulganin is obviously out to get Secretary Dulles. But if he thinks he is going to find any support in this country, he might as well go to the summit all by himself and stay there until hell freezes over.

As OUR READERS may have surmised, John Foster Dulles is not one of our favorite characters. In fact, we consider him a national liability. But he is *our* nation's liability. Our first reaction to the Marshal's statement has been to start thinking of all that can be said in favor of Secretary Dulles. Our mind went back immediately to what happened to our foreign policy shortly after the Suez affair, when he was at Walter Reed Hospital recovering from his intestinal operation, and the course of our diplomacy was left to the tender mercy of Herbert Hoover, Jr.

Several days have passed since we read that infamous Bulganin statement, and we haven't cooled off yet. We never will. We are not so sure now whether the Russian Premier actually blundered or whether he knew exactly, with brutal shrewdness, what he was doing. Maybe what he is after is, as many have said, the indefinite perpetuation of the *status quo*—including the indefinite stay of John Foster Dulles as head of the State Department.

We do resent this Russian attempt to influence our own government's affairs, just as we do resent the deliberate and, alas, successful attempt at conditioning our emotional reactions. The horrid thought strikes us that together with Bulganin, and because of Bulganin, all of us, critics and friends of the administration alike, want John Foster Dulles to hold his job indefinitely.

But here we have to stop, for what we think of the Soviet Premier is not fit to print.

A Question of Definition

What promised to be one of the most serious investigations by any recent Congress is presently bogged down in a swamp of committee bickering. As originally conceived, with the enthusiastic blessing of Speaker Rayburn, the current probe by the House Special Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight was to determine whether regulatory agencies like the Federal Communications Commission were in fact carrying out the purposes for which Congress created them. So far, instead, it has served only to indicate that petty corruption is still with us, only cheaper. Where six years ago the wife of an official got a mink coat or a deep freeze, a commissioner today will collect twice for the same airplane fare, take "honorariums" from a private enterprise that he is supposed to be regulating, let the same enterprise pay his wife's travel expenses, and otherwise cut moral corners here and there.

It is possible, of course, that Dr. Bernard Schwartz, the subcommittee's counsel, has much more in prospect than this sort of peanut pilfering. Maybe this law professor on leave from New York University has chosen to scatter buckshot instead of holding his fire for the big blast. Or maybe this brilliant scholar is slowly discovering that there has been a change in the gentle art, practiced by so many, of exerting pressure on the regulatory agencies. This new style is not a blatant purchase of outright favors but the cultivation of an atmosphere in which it becomes harder and harder for commissioners to distinguish between their own honest convictions and their friendly inclinations.

THE PRACTICE of bringing pressure on the regulatory agencies is not confined to private industry. The Executive branch of the government, especially during the past five years, has been known to look upon them as an orchard of political plums.

Moreover, when these "independent" bodies have absorbed the pressures from private industry and the White House, they still have to cope with those from congressmen themselves. No legislator in his right mind would telephone a judge about a pending case or arrange to have an interested party see His Honor outside of court, but a congressman will think nothing of dealing in this way with men whose judgments involve properties worth many millions of dollars. Indeed, some twenty-five members of both Houses are shareholders in television stations themselves, several of them on the very committees that have jurisdiction over the FCC.

Are the commissioners dependent on these congressmen for reconfirmation and appropriations, or are the congressmen dependent on the commission for "judicial" favor? Or

THE REPORTER, February 20, 1958, Volume 18, No. 4. Entered as second class matter at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Published every other Thursday except for omission of two summer issues by The Reporter Magazine Company, 136 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y. © 1958 by The Reporter Magazine Company. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Subscription price, United States, Canada, U.S. Possessions and Pan American Union: One year $6, Two years $9.50, Three years $12. All other countries: One year $7, Two years $11.50, Three years $15. Please give four weeks notice when changing address, giving old and new addresses. Indexed in *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature* and *Public Affairs Information Service*.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE METROPOLITAN OPERA RECORD CLUB

INVITES OPERA LOVERS TO ACCEPT A TRIAL MEMBERSHIP

You will receive—without charge—

UNDER THE CONDITIONS DESCRIBED BELOW

A METROPOLITAN OPERA PERFORMANCE OF

SCENES FROM Die Walkuere

by RICHARD WAGNER

Featuring **MARGARET HARSHAW**
MARIANNE SCHECH · BLANCHE THEBOM
RAMON VINAY · HERMANN UHDE
NORMAN SCOTT
with The Metropolitan Opera Orchestra and Chorus
DIMITRI MITROPOULOS, *conductor*

ON TWO LONG-PLAYING HIGH-FIDELITY RECORDS

RETURNABLE WITHIN TEN DAYS IF YOU DO NOT CARE TO SUBSCRIBE AFTER HEARING THESE RECORDS

Included with each recording is an illustrated brochure containing the text of the opera as it is sung on the recording, with an English translation when necessary. The brochure also contains an appreciation of the opera by an outstanding music critic.

GIVEN TO YOU

IF YOU AGREE TO BUY FOUR RECORDINGS DURING THE NEXT YEAR IN A TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION TO THE METROPOLITAN OPERA RECORD CLUB

✶ In time members will have available the entire repertory of Metropolitan Opera performances on long-playing records. They may choose only those recordings they want.

✶ Members are notified in advance of each forthcoming opera, and have the privilege of rejection if they do not want it.

✶ The operas are carefully abridged for home listening (by the Metropolitan staff) to the length of one or two 12" LP records.

✶ The records are high-fidelity Vinylite 33⅓ R.P.M. discs. When the opera is on a single twelve-inch record the price is $4.50; when it is an album of two twelve-inch records, the price is $6.75. (A small extra charge is added to cover the cost of handling and shipping.)

✶ The sole obligation of members of The Metropolitan Opera Record Club is to buy four recordings a year from the nine to twelve that will be offered each year.

THE METROPOLITAN OPERA RECORD CLUB J14-2
A BRANCH OF BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC.
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a subscriber to THE METROPOLITAN OPERA RECORD CLUB and send me, without charge, the recording of SCENES FROM DIE WALKUERE. I agree to buy four additional METROPOLITAN OPERA RECORD CLUB recordings during the first year I am a member. For each single-disc recording I accept I will be billed $4.50; for each double-disc recording, $6.75 (plus a small extra charge for handling and shipping). I may cancel the subscription at any time after buying the fourth recording. If I wish to, I may return the introductory recording within 10 days, and the subscription will at once be canceled with no further obligation on my part.

MOC 17

MR. }
MRS. } .....
MISS }
(PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY)

Address.....

City.....Zone No.....

State.....

Record prices are the same in Canada, and the Club ships to Canadian members, without any extra charge for duty, through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada), Ltd.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

both? This question, we submit, is one that the Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight should most earnestly consider.

According to our Webster, the word "oversight" has two entirely contradictory meanings: "watchful care" and "omission or error due to inadvertence." Does Congress want to be the overseer of the administrative agencies, or is it inclined to institutionalize their occasional inadvertencies?

There is, of course, a middle-of-the-road solution: if all interested parties keep a friendly and cozy relationship with the commissioners, scandals can be avoided and the interests the agencies should regulate are not likely to get hurt.

Invocation

"O Thou God of outer space and inner man," intoned the Reverend William E. Trice at the opening of a recent Senate session. "Everlasting Father, governor of outer space and giver of inward grace," offered Dr. Caradine R. Hooton the next day. That evening, much to everyone's relief, Explorer was spun into its orbit and began ticking back reliable news about outer space.

There has been, and will continue to be, an understandable and necessary concern about our new frontiers, and, of course, an excessive amount of easy-to-point-out hysteria. Yet these quiet words, addressed to the Senate, fill us with more foreboding than the usual rantings for home consumption. It seems that as our world grows bigger we make our God smaller, ticketing Him with labels appropriate to the morning news.

The New Presidency

Harry S. Truman was wrong when he used to say that the Presidency is a job without a future. Despite James Hagerty's denials, an idea favored by General Eisenhower and passed on to some reporters by Sherman Adams at a recent hush-hush Washington meeting points to a bright new career that the President is looking forward to when his tenure is at an end. After he leaves the White House on January 21, 1961, Mr. Eisenhower hopes to start a campaign for the reform of the Vice-Presidency.

The fullest details of what Mr. Eisenhower has in mind appear in the New York *Herald Tribune* for February 4 under the by-line of Robert J. Donovan. Mr. Donovan, it will be recalled, was the journalist chosen by the White House to write *Eisenhower: The Inside Story*, a narrative of the administration's first term. Now, in his *Herald Tribune* account, he reports that Mr. Eisenhower feels the government needs three new Vice-Presidents. One of the Vice-Presidents would be in charge of all "offshore" affairs. Another would be in charge of domestic matters. And the third, holding cabinet status, would oversee the work of the regulatory commissions.

The authors of *The Federalist* might see in this the very opposite of the prescription they laid down for the ingredients of executive energy. In their listing, they were "first, unity; secondly, duration; thirdly, an adequate provision for its support; fourthly, competent powers." But Mr. Eisenhower apparently feels so strongly on the subject that he cannot trust his temper in fighting right now for the adoption and the installation of a Vice-Presidential trinity. According to Mr. Donovan, if he doesn't get around to making his views known to Congress while in office, Mr. Eisenhower means to wage a campaign for his plan after he leaves the White House.

In time, of course, there might even be the need for a Vice-President in Charge of Research and Development, or of Interplanetary Affairs, or a Vice-President in Charge of Vice-Presidents, and so on. But whatever the multiplication, the essential principle of the Eisenhower idea could be preserved. The Presidency itself would be a place from which a man could emerge now and again to take part in the business or in the pageants of state. A Vice-Presidential title would thus stand for real power while the man constitutionally responsible for the exercise of that power could assume, off and on, some functions of a Vice-President.

Ten-Million-Dollar Tip

Just before leaving Ankara, Mr. Dulles announced that the United States was prepared, subject to Congressional approval, to make a grant of $10 million to the Baghdad Pact countries.

Is it from force of habit that U.S. attendance of international conferences can no longer be conceived without our delegate leaving a tip for the host?

The $10-million tip made headlines, while few remembered the $1.5 billion that the U.S. government has spent in the pact countries. Thus, rich Uncle Sam is made to appear in the role of handing his hosts a five-cent candy bar at the end of his visit, doing his best to make his hosts —and everybody else—forget that he has been making the mortgage payments on their house for the past decade.

RAH CULTURE!

"Who is there who can say that a convocation . . . of scholars, historians, artisans, theologians, educators, sociologists, philosophers, artists and musicians . . . could not suggest new and better ways for human beings to exist peaceably together . . . ?" —Sherman Adams

Who is there to say? Sir, do you know the breed?
They don't work out in teams,
Convocations, committees, parleys, or conferences
The way you do. It's a nice idea, of course, to show esteem
For the humanists. After business and science you need
A certain rounding out, and this new scheme
Looks good on paper. But sir, intelligences
Come singly. Tell your boss to heed
One noble imaginative mind, and hear it out
And act on what it says. The other way—
The way of committees, parleys, conferences—is only more
Dilution and delay.

—SEC

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

AIR POWER AND HISTORY

To the Editor: I have read with great interest your February 6 issue. It is one of your better issues, and in saying this I should add that I think *The Reporter* is one of the really outstanding publications in existence today. It is making a significant contribution to better public understanding of the issues that face our people in these critical times.

JAMES M. GAVIN
Lieutenant General, GS
Chief of Research and Development
Department of the Army

THE KENNAN CONTROVERSY

To the Editor: Your analysis of George Kennan's six Reith lectures over BBC is shrewd and persuasive ("George Kennan Updates His Diplomacy," *The Reporter*, January 23). Nevertheless, it will seem to many of your readers that Mr. Kennan's views deserve much more favorable consideration than either Dean Acheson or you have given them. Our present absorption in the arms race, coupled with our neglect of study of peaceful alternatives to that race, (a) by negotiation, (b) by foreign aid, (c) by seeking to open the gates of trade and communication between the free and Communist worlds, is a far greater menace to world peace than any weaknesses in Mr. Kennan's propaganda, which you so ably ferreted out.

Whatever errors may be disclosed in Mr. Kennan's efforts to find a way out of the present impasse in the German situation are negligible compared to the value of his fresh approach to that problem.

The German situation is loaded with dynamite. As long as we maintain so clumsy a stopgap as a divided Germany, with a divided Berlin and a narrow corridor through Soviet-controlled territory for Allied transport into Berlin, the situation can only worsen, creating a steadily increasing peril of the war we so greatly dread.

Can we expect Germany and Berlin to remain divided permanently? Do we expect always to maintain a large army in Germany? Is Mr. Adenauer expected to live forever?

If we do nothing, refuse to think about it, we surrender the initiative to Russia, which is highly dangerous, as experience ought to have taught us by this time.

Mr. Kennan deserves commendation for his proposals for a way out of the impasse, though his details may be improved. His proposals have won high praise in Britain and throughout western Europe, deeply interested in alternatives to the arms race. What we need most of all is to consider positive proposals that improve on Mr. Kennan's suggestions, not mere negative criticisms.

BENJAMIN H. [illegible]
Spokane

To the Editor: I am very grateful for your analysis of Mr. Kennan's views. You pointed out clearly that terms like "containment," "liberation," or "disengagement" are meaningless and misleading. The American people are the richest and most productive in the world today, and must face the responsibility for everything that results from this fact. But let us consider the topic "Disengagement" from a different angle. American political thinking and American diplomacy face two odds today: first, there is no reasonable diplomatic tradition in American thought; second, diplomacy as a whole is in a crisis, because it has always been based on a common frame of reference, bargaining for limited ends. Thus the summit meetings of today are not the cause but rather the outward sign of a breakdown of communication. Today's situation is one of intricate interdependence accompanied by mutual confusion.

To take a case in point: One of the most important zones of tension is the area of the Soviet satellites and the two Germanies. This is a much more fateful zone than many Americans might think. It would be useful to imagine what would happen in the case of an uprising (Hungarian style) in East Germany with a rearmed NATO West Germany across the fence. The reaction of Russia in case of any intervention is as predictable as Russia's reaction to the Hungarian situation. The moral exasperation with Russia's action in that case was as justified as it was childish. After some sober reflections, everybody would agree that Russia had to do what it did in Hungary unless it was willing to lose both a satellite and prestige. A "liberation" of the satellites—once Mr. Dulles's pet idea—could be achieved now if it could be sugar-coated with something (e.g., West Germany leaving NATO) that might be played up as a bargain by the Russians. A "neutral belt" of Germany and the Russian satellites would free both the U.S. and Russia from an enormous "security risk," because for the time being every responsible or irresponsible rebel in this area could trigger what might shape up into a world war. "Neutralized," the satellites could recuperate and build up self-confidence, which would be of great importance for the further development of the area.

But the problem by no means ends here: the dangers of tensions within the "neutral belt" are great and they would always be to the advantage of Russia. Judging from the latest developments, Poland and Germany would be the two major powers in the neutral belt, and the big question of the Oder-Neisse border remains. Poland itself has lost territory to Russia, Russia will not give back these territories, the Poles will not give any territory back to the Germans. The lion's share of the responsibility for a stability of the neutral belt would therefore fall to Germany, which would have to take the first step toward reaching a sound agreement over this question with Poland. The U.S. would be interested in a stability of the neutral belt and therefore would have to encourage all German efforts and sacrifices for this aim. Even this one case shows that the most elementary "disengagement," however, demands intelligent and intensive engagement.

DIETMAR ROTHERMUND
Philadelphia

To the Editor: Your article in the January 23 issue on George Kennan was useful and perceptive, but it suffers by comparison with your brilliant analysis of the isolationist and anti-democratic trends in Kennan's thinking in *The Reporter* of November 13, 1951. Both lines of thought were shockingly revealed in the interview with Mr. Kennan in your January 9 issue.

I fear you pulled your punches because of your far-fetched effort to equate the Kennan proposals with our present foreign policy. Dean Acheson made no such mistake, although he had far more reason to go easy on Kennan, whose career he promoted. As he said, Kennan is preaching "isolationism of the pure type," like "an old mandarin living in China advising the Prince of Heaven to pay no attention to old Europe."

CHRISTOPHER EMMET
New York

THE BURIAL OF GALILEO

To the Editor: Let's get to the facts about the burial of Galileo. Your writer Giorgio de Santillana ("Galileo and J. Robert Oppenheimer," *The Reporter*, December 26) is entirely correct in stating that "Galileo was denied burial in hallowed ground." Andrew D. White wrote in *A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom* that "he had begged to be buried in his family tomb in Santa Croce: this request was denied. His friends wished to erect a monument over him; this, too, was refused. Pope Urban said to the Ambassador Niccolini that 'it would be an evil example for the world if such honours were rendered to a man who had been brought before the Roman Inquisition for an opinion so false and erroneous; who had communicated it to others, and who had given so great a scandal to Christendom.' In accordance, therefore, with the wish of the Pope and the orders of the Inquisition, Galileo was buried ignobly, apart from his family, without fitting ceremony, without monument, without epitaph. Not until forty years after did Pierozzi dare to write an inscription to be placed above his bones; not until a hundred years after did Nelli dare to transfer his remains to a suitable position in Santa Croce, and erect a monument above them."

DAVID PAUL
Pittsburgh

TOPOLSKI'S CHRONICLE

To the Editor: I was delighted to see the reproductions of the art of Feliks Topolski in your December 26 and January 23 issues. I have heard there is a publication of his drawings called *Topolski's Chronicle*, and I wonder if you could tell me where it is published and how much it costs.

I would appreciate any information you can give me.

ROGER NOBLE
New York

Topolski's Chronicle, *an 18 x 23 broadside in black and color, is issued twenty-four times a year and costs twelve dollars. Communications may be addressed to:*

Topolski's Chronicle
Bridge Arch 158
Sutton Walk, South Bank
London, S.E. 1

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

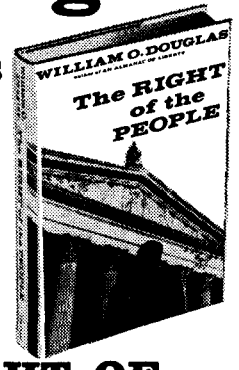
A revolutionary plan for a CAPITALISTIC distribution of wealth—to preserve our free society

THE
Capitalist Manifesto

By LOUIS O. KELSO and MORTIMER J. ADLER

$3.75, now at your bookstore
RANDOM HOUSE

WILLIAM O.
Douglas
speaks his mind on THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE



— to confine the military to strictly military tasks
— to be let alone
— to express themselves freely even when challenging basic American institutions

The new book by Justice Douglas is a major statement on one of the most pressing problems facing America today. $4.00

DOUBLEDAY

WHO— WHAT— WHY—

A TORRENT of speeches and articles has been directed lately at praising to the skies the startling achievements of Russian science and Russian education, while attributing all our real or alleged failures in these fields to the shortcomings of our educational system. Quite a number of shocking asininities have been freely aired, and some hysterical proposals for remedial legislation have been brought forward in Congress. Thus the administration has suggested that a preferential salary treatment be given teachers of mathematics and physics. It has been said that Russian education, which until a few decades ago was considered barbarous, has reached a degree of perfection almost overnight that free nations, including ours, had better follow—managing to preserve as many of the sacred liberties as possible—or else.

We have taken a look at the situation and herewith present some of our conclusions. **Max Ascoli's** editorial holds that our educational system is better than we have any right to expect, considering that it is largely financed by the sacrifice of our underpaid teachers. What's wrong with it is not so much the curriculum as the fact that it is not insulated against demagogic and special-interest pressure. It has been often repeated in the press of late, but there is no harm in saying it again here: our nation spends considerably more on tobacco, on alcohol or cosmetics, than on higher education.

On the other hand, **Andrew R. MacAndrew,** a man who knows his Russia well, points out that the Russian educational system is an inferior imitation of those prevailing among the nations of continental Europe. Russian students are beset by overcrowding and harassed by cramming. In the higher scientific institutions the situation is quite different. **J. O'M. Bockris,** a South African who is currently Professor of Chemistry at the University of Pennsylvania, reports what he observed in Russia. **Hans Rogger,** who has also traveled in the Soviet Union and who teaches at Sarah Lawrence College, tells us that if in Russia there is no exact equivalent to what we call our beat generation, the Russians are nevertheless getting very close to having one.

William H. Hessler of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* recently spent some time with the Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean and has given us his report on what is about as powerful a naval force as it is possible to have, considering the many very different tasks that fleet may be called upon to perform. Contributing Editor **Robert Bendiner** discusses the greatly weakened relationship between the executive and legislative branches of our government. **Denis Warner,** an Australian newspaperman and a former Nieman Fellow at Harvard, gives a first-hand account of the situation in Indonesia.

THE VIVID account "A Fire at Sea" is excerpted from *Turgenev's Literary Reminiscences*—edited and translated by David Magarshack, with a prefatory essay by Edmund Wilson—which Farrar, Straus and Cudahy will publish in April. . . . **Naomi Mitchison** is a Scottish writer whose recent works include novels, plays, and books for children. . . . **Dorothea Bourne,** who reports on a very successful and unusual film treatment of the ballet, is a young free-lance writer living in New York. . . . **Marcus Cunliffe's** next book *George Washington: Man and Monument* will be published in April by Little, Brown. Mr. Cunliffe is teaching at the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences at Stanford University. His essay in this issue is a study of the difficulties the historian must face when his subject is a hero. . . . **John Kenneth Galbraith** is Professor of Economics at Harvard. . . . **Anne Fremantle** is an editor, essayist, historian, and novelist. She has recently published *By Grace of Love* (Macmillan). . . . **Otto Friedrich** is a magazine writer formerly with UP.

Our cover, an impression of a market place in Asia, is by **Marianne Davidson.**

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

MAX ASCOLI, *Editor and Publisher*

Executive Editor, Philip Horton • *Managing Editor*, Robert Bingham
Associate Editor, Gouverneur Paulding • *Contributing Editor*, Robert Bendiner
Art Director, Reg Massie • *Copy Editor*, Derek Morgan
Staff Writers: Claire Sterling, Marya Mannes, Charles Clift, Paul Jacobs
Assistant to the Managing Editor, Louisa Messolonghites • *Librarian*, Ruth Ames
General Manager, John J. Borghi
Circulation Manager, George Hinckley • *Director of Advertising*, Patricia Calvert
Director of Promotion, Shirley Katzander • *Production Manager*, Ann Hollyday Sharp

VOLUME 18, NO. 4 **FEBRUARY 20, 1958**

THE REPORTER'S NOTES 2

Russian and American Education

OUR CUT-RATE EDUCATION—AN EDITORIAL . . . . . *Max Ascoli* 8
ARE SOVIET SCHOOLS BETTER THAN OURS? . . . . . *Andrew R. MacAndrew* 10
A SCIENTIST'S IMPRESSIONS OF RUSSIAN RESEARCH . . . . *J. O'M. Bockris* 15
FRUSTRATION AND BOREDOM IN RUSSIAN YOUTH . . . . . *Hans Rogger* 17

At Home & Abroad

OUR SIXTH FLEET IN THE MEDITERRANEAN . . . . . *William H. Hessler* 21
PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE GETS LONGER AND LONGER . . . . *Robert Bendiner* 25
INDONESIA: THE DUTCH DEPART, THE COMMUNISTS DIG IN . . *Denis Warner* 27

Views & Reviews

A FIRE AT SEA . . . . . *Ivan Turgenev* 31
A VISIT TO THE WESTERN ISLES . . . . . *Naomi Mitchison* 34
TENTH ROW CENTER AT THE BOLSHOI BALLET . . . . . *Dorothea Bourne* 37
Channels: WORDS OF TWO SYLLABLES . . . . . *Marya Mannes* 38
HOW CAN WE TELL THE FOREST FROM THE CHERRY TREES? . . . . . *Marcus Cunliffe* 40
MONOTONOUS MIRACLES ON THIRTY-FOURTH STREET . *John Kenneth Galbraith* 42
PELAGIANS, PESSIMISTS, AND A NEW LOOK AT THE PRINCE . . . . . *Anne Fremantle* 44
A PIOUS NOSTALGIA FOR THE DAYS OF THE SCOOP . . . . . *Otto Friedrich* 46
MR. DULLES'S PREDECESSOR SURVEYS THE WORLD . . *Gouverneur Paulding* 48

Editorial and Business Offices:
136 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y.

Manuscripts or artwork submitted to The Reporter should be accompanied by addressed envelope and return postage. The publisher assumes no responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts or artwork.

THE DEVIL
and a million
grommets . . .

Meet the Devil in Birmingham, England, and at the same time, if you like, place an order for a million grommets*.

In Birmingham's Art Gallery towers Lucifer, Epstein's dramatic rendering of the Spirit of Evil—just one of the many famous works of art which attract to the City's Gallery over a thousand visitors a day.

And in Birmingham, home of 1,500 trades, you can buy grommets (if you happen to want them), gaskets, gears, golf balls or guns, to mention but a few of the products, ordinary and extraordinary, made in Britain's Second City.

Visitors to Britain (on business or pleasure or both) must also be visitors to Birmingham. It stands in the heart of England, surrounded by places rich in history and literary associations; Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwick, Lichfield and Worcester—all are close by.

*A Grommet is an extra strong eyelet and ring used in sailmaking.

BIRMINGHAM
Britain's Second City

Be informed before you come: clip the coupon below for your free Guide to Birmingham.

PLEASE SEND GUIDE OF THE CITY OF BIRMINGHAM TO:—

NAME _____
(BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE)

ADDRESS _____

POST TO:—CITY OF BIRMINGHAM INFORMATION DEPT. 2L
COUNCIL HOUSE, BIRMINGHAM 3, ENG.
J3908

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Our Cut-Rate Education

THERE WERE NOT enough demands on our educational system: It had to bring up the child and indeed the "whole child," and make him into a well-adjusted citizen; it had to function as a workshop for democracy, thereby eradicating all prejudices, religious, racial, or otherwise, that stand in the way of national good-fellowship; it had to keep young men and women, at least for a couple of years, off the labor market, irrespective of their capacity or willingness to absorb learning. In its higher reaches it has had lately to provide college training for more than thirty per cent of our eighteen-year-old population, while in 1930 the proportion was twelve per cent. And, of course, it had to produce every year a more or less adequate supply of physicians, lawyers, scientists, and organization men of all sorts. As if all this had not been enough, high schools and universities have been peremptorily ordered to mass-produce full-fledged mathematicians and scientists—if possible retroactively.

Considering the magnitude of the tasks which the nation has increasingly imposed on our educators and which the educators themselves have eagerly taken over, the results have been astonishing. Future historians will marvel at the level of literacy and at the achievements of science that can be credited to our wildly pluralistic, decentralized educational system which has been operating at a discount rate, with the people paying in times of comparative prosperity less than fifty per cent for value received.

Debates on education—frequently angry and ill-tempered—have long been a repetitious and depressing feature of American life. How many times have we heard about the conflict between the sciences and the humanities, and about life adjustment, and a return to the liberal arts—if not to Aristotle? Now, however, there is a stirring quality in the current nation-wide debate on education. Actually it is not much of a debate, for there is a large measure of agreement among the eminent men who have voiced their agonizing concern over the present condition of American education. Relentlessly they expose the shocking disparity between the percentage of our national income spent on education and that spent by Soviet Russia. At the same time they know that our conflict with Soviet Russia is one of cultures, and that we cannot buy our cultural salvation simply by outspending the Russians.

Some of the wisest things on the subject have been said by Rear Admiral Hyman G. Rickover. The chief architect of atom-powered submarines has no patience with an educational system in which many sections are still ox-powered. In a recent speech he said: "The greatest single obstacle to a renovation of our education comes from the fact that control, financing and direction of education is, in the U.S., in the hands of many thousands of local school boards, whose members seldom qualify as educational experts. State control is slight and Federal assistance is rejected. We therefore are at an impasse. It is exceedingly difficult and time consuming to convince thousands of school boards that they must change the curriculum of the local high school; to persuade forty-eight states that their colleges and universities ought to confine themselves to education and not to vocational training and service activities which have no place in institutions of higher learning; or for that matter to win over thousands of alumni on whose bounty our privately endowed colleges and universities so largely depend.

"In no other Western country are educational institutions so precariously placed financially, so dependent on local politicians, on the whim of small communities where few have ever had a higher education. Half our colleges are continuously threatened with bankruptcy. The future looks bleak unless in some way Federal assistance can be made acceptable and some sort of national standard can be established to which diploma and degree-giving institutions must conform."

The Blessings of Direct Democracy

Last month a committee of nineteen outstanding educators published a report suggesting the steps that should be taken to raise the quality of American education. This admirable document lists the order of priority:

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Emphasis on higher education now, especially at the graduate level, for the quickest possible results; longer-range emphasis—to begin now—upon recruitment and education of teachers; and for the long range, prompt and enduring response of the public in providing adequate support for education." Confirming the proposal of the latest White House Conference on Education, the report suggests that, at a minimum, expenditures on education should be doubled within a decade. At present, these expenditures are about $15,700 million. "The real need," the report states, "is for an infusion of public and private support on a massive scale." The nineteen leaders go so far as to use that discredited word "massive," but they do not care to specify the major sources of support.

The most significant statement in the report is one that at first sounds rhetorical or trivial: "In America the schools belong to the people." This is nearly true—fortunately not quite. If it were literally true, the schools would not run. In fact, the schools are run by those who concern themselves with education, and their influence is directly related to the degree of their concern. Yet the schools belong to the people in a much more direct, physical sense than is the case with government, state or national, or, for that matter, any organization designed to satisfy permanent and nation-wide needs. The citizen exercises his sovereign rights when he steps into the polling booth, and his influence on public affairs is increased in proportion to his participation in politics. This is how representative democracy functions—a rather different thing from the messiness of direct democracy.

In our days one of the nearest approximations to direct democracy is to be found in the way many of our schools are still being managed. They belong to the people in the sense that too many people can too easily take liberties with them. True, as it is constantly said, our educational system, particularly at the elementary and secondary levels, has played a stupendous role in making of this nation of immigrants a homogenous people, united in the same basic allegiances and—if anything—far too many conformities. As molders of national unity, our schools have played a role similar to that credited to the old-fashioned political machines. There are good reasons why we should be grateful to the old-type bosses, but we should not be over-nostalgic if the role these men used to play is now taken care of by more sedate forms of social assistance.

More Distance and More Money

Thomas Jefferson had a singularly happy thought when, among his many qualifications for immortality, he selected that of founder of the University of Virginia to be carved on his tombstone. He would have great difficulty, should his spirit visit us, in reconciling himself to the present condition of his beloved agriculture, and to the power that big manufacturers have acquired. In the realm of education, however, Thomas Jefferson would find that he is still a progressive. In a letter to John Adams, in 1813, he suggested a system of scholarships to select the best students from elementary school up to the university. His aim was to foster "worth and genius" so that it be "completely prepared by education for defeating the competition of wealth and birth for public trusts."

It is not just because of Russia that our schools' relationship with the people must take some more sophisticated, more responsible form, with a definite distance established between the two in the interests of both. The pressure of sheer economics has reached such a point that, as the latest annual report of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching says, "Between 1940 and 1954, the real income of lawyers, physicians, and industrial workers rose from 10 to 80 per cent, while that of faculty members dropped 5 per cent." "The people of the United States," the same report states, "have a virtually unlimited faith in higher education. They know what it means for their own children, and what it means to the future of America. But they do not yet understand that this precious national resource is built squarely on the vitality of the teaching profession. And they do not realize that the teaching profession is slowly withering away."

If the withering away of the teaching profession is to be stopped, if the standards of American education are not to be diluted or debased beyond repair, the "infusion of private and public support on a massive scale" had better come—and it can never be too soon. The bulk of that support cannot help being public and, indeed, Federal. It is equally clear that monopolistic Federal control of education is not conceivable, not feasible, and by no stretch of the imagination desirable. What has to be devised is a flexible system of partnerships at many levels, with the participation of the Federal, of the state, and of the local governments, of foundations and of private educational institutions—a system strong enough to establish and maintain high educational and scientific standards on the basis of voluntary compliance.

Large-scale Federal financing of education ought to be so sterilized as to make as difficult as possible any attempt at unrestricted control by the Federal government. There are already too many pressures hampering the work of our educational institutions—pressure of parents, and of vested interests, and of noble souls and of crackpots. Gradually, the way must be paved toward self-government of education—a self-government as responsible to the people as that of business or of labor is, or should be. We cannot be modern, streamlined, atom-powered in our industrial and defense structures and remain bucolic and archaic in our educational system. For the future of our nation lies there.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Are Soviet Schools Better Than Ours?

ANDREW R. MacANDREW

LIKE SO MANY facets of Soviet society, educational policy has followed a series of spasmodic oscillations between unbending dogma and frantic improvisation.

Just after the Revolution it was all dogma. The traditional concepts were stigmatized as bourgeois and enthusiastically thrown out. Along with the gilded epaulets of army officers, Victorian architecture, conventional literary forms, and the old family structure, out went the rigid curricula of the Russian schools, the classical *gimnazia* and even the *realnoye uchilishche,* despite the latter's emphasis on science.

So broke the first emancipatory wave, carrying off, amidst the flotsam of czarism, the compulsory hours of mathematics and Latin, of physics and religion, of Russian grammar and modern languages, carrying them

off wholesale along with the bourgeois idea of discipline and the school uniforms made of stiff cloth with brass-buckled belts and military-style caps.

The experiment in "proletarian" education meant complete permissiveness, an absolute trust in the spontaneous blooming of the individual in a free society. All formal scholarship, which was thought to perpetuate class distinctions, was to be replaced by the Marxian concept of "polytechnicism," which condemns all theoretical learning unless accompanied by practical working experience.

But what was not left to spontaneity was the acceptance, by both students and teachers, of the régime's current political dogmas. This led to the characteristic duality that to this day is found in almost every Soviet institution: the division of power between the executive head and the party representative.

Just as in every Red Army unit authority is divided between the commanding officer and the political commissar (the center of gravity shifting from one to the other according to the national state of political balance), so in every classroom the teacher has to share his authority with the chairman of the Komsomol (Young Communist League) or the Young Pioneers (the organization for children nine to fourteen).

Theoretically, the role of the Komsomols is to watch over the individual's behavior in that particular unit of the Soviet structure which is the classroom. Naturally, the organization and its young officers have great influence: they can praise or reprimand a fellow student publicly, at class meetings or via the school wall newspaper, and they have the power, among other things, to allow or bar his participation in an extracurricular activity.

During the 1920's and into the early 1930's, academic teaching was reduced to a mere trickle and the Komsomols behaved like schoolroom vigilantes. The easiest and often the only way for a student, and even a teacher, to get by was to play along with them. Teachers often ended by surrendering all their privileges, including the right to grade according to standards other than those of the Komsomols. The diplomas obtained in that epoch are still looked upon with suspicion.

The Swing Back

Meanwhile, the entire country was shivering and hungry in the aftermath of the Revolution, through reconstruction and on into the industrialization, electrification, and collectivization of the first Five-Year Plan. As the demand increased for literate officials and technicians, it became apparent that the polytechnically trained students, who had been spending their school time working at anything from lab experiments to ditch digging, had not picked up enough fundamentals to be of much use even on the lower levels of responsibility. Loyalty to the régime was not enough. An emergency was proclaimed. To cope with the emergency, a new "polytechnical" phase was introduced, which became, in fact, monotechnical. Soviet education was narrowed down to mere vocational training under the slogan "The school is nothing but a branch of the factory." Life itself was declared to be the best school, and no less an authority than Shulgin, the director of

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Marx-Engels Institute of Pedagogy, prophesied that the school as such would eventually "wither away." Everything was about to wither away in those days, from the state on down.

Soon, of course, this system too was found wanting. It could produce nothing beyond low-grade specialists, so one-sided that they could not even be transferred to an understaffed production line slightly different from their own. Moreover, they were still illiterate. Lenin himself had once admitted that there was something to be said for bourgeois schooling, some parts of which should be adopted, as he put it, "to beat the bourgeois with his own stick." It was the usual Soviet habit of allowing temporary requirements to smother those of Marxist dogma.

As the years went by, more and more "bourgeois" subjects found their way back into the schools. Between 1931 and 1934 a series of government decrees and party resolutions introduced compulsory school curricula, timetables, achievement tests, and a grading system that did give a measure of achievement. All this made the Soviet school very much what it is today.

BUT LEST the new school resemble its czarist prototype too closely, Marx's "polytechnicism" was reasserted once more. Now, however, the practical work was to complement academic subjects, while the earlier enthusiasm for practical experience alone was denounced as "deviationism" and "naked technicism." To complete the change, a special decree granted additional authority to the teacher at the expense of the Komsomol secretary.

That was the end of the revolutionary phase in Soviet education. Along with the advocates of a rankless army, free love, and Bauhaus architecture, the educational deviationists were isolated as carriers of the germs of "infantile disorders of the left-wing movements." And while these nuisances were carted off and army ranks and Victorian tastes reintroduced, more and more learning was forced down the throats of Soviet children while their bodies were stuffed back into the old stiff uniforms.

Under Stalin, the burden became heavier and heavier, until Soviet educators realized that while you can sometimes teach many things to the few or a few things to the many, it is not possible to teach very much to very many.

'Cold War' of the Classrooms?

By the time the Second World War was over, the Ministry of Education must have concluded that it had overshot its mark. For several successive years, the Soviet curriculum for secondary schools has been lightened. But even as it stands today, that curriculum still looms large and forbidding in American eyes.

Some American travelers, like former Senator William Benton, who discovered the Soviet school system a couple of years ago, have returned full of wonder and enthusiasm to tell of attentive, disciplined schoolchildren being fed staggering doses of math, physics, and biology by teachers who wallow in social prestige, while in the background we hear the rustling pages of technical books being turned by the callused hands of workers who spurn all lesser diversions in favor of libraries that are open day and night. Speaking of a "new 'cold war' of the classrooms," Mr. Benton returned from his trip to the Soviet Union "convinced that Russia's classrooms and libraries, her laboratories and teaching methods, may threaten us more than her hydrogen bombs or guided missiles to deliver them." The seemingly nonchalant way in which the Russians were able to toss the first earth satellite into orbit has only served to reinforce this attitude in many quarters. Indeed, the interest in Soviet education has reached such a pitch that the amount of homework assigned to Russian fifth-graders makes the tabloids.

By this time, surely everyone has heard that in the current school year every child in all ten Soviet grades has math every day of his six-day week; that physics is begun in the sixth grade, chemistry in the seventh, and astronomy in the tenth. But one begins to wonder how useful this information really is when one hears statements to the effect that such an educational system is possible only in a "totalitarian," "materialistic," or "atheistic" country (Mr. John Foster Dulles and Dr. Edward Teller), alternating with expressions of surprise that a totalitarian country can offer such a good education to its young (Senator William Fulbright).

POSSIBLY, a less statistical approach should be tried in order to determine the nature of today's Soviet education. Some of its spirit can certainly be found in the Russian Republic Ministry of Education's guides to the teacher for the current school year. For each subject, a booklet of about fifty pages details how much ground has to be covered in what time and what should be taught before or after what. But this does not convey an idea of totalitarianism, nor is there anything necessarily undemocratic in such thoroughness. The reason for all these minute directions seems not to be interference with the freedom of the teacher but, as is explicitly stated, to co-ordinate the acquisition of knowledge, especially in interrelated branches. In the math teacher's guide, for instance, he is constantly reminded that by such and such a date he must have explained

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

such and such a particular point of geometry to his pupils, who will otherwise be quite unable to grasp certain aspects of optics upon which his physics colleague is about to embark.

And dotted throughout are such reminders as this: "In the light of polytechnical training, great attention must be given to combined practice sessions with the teachers of physics, chemistry, drafting, and geography."

The same promptings are addressed to the teacher of chemistry (to think of the biologist), to the teacher of geography (to keep the historian in mind), and so on. And then there are always the "polytechnical" sessions and combined excursions, which seem to reflect a pedagogical rather than a political preoccupation.

Nor is one struck by any obvious despotism in the state control of examinations and secondary-school diplomas (called "certificates of maturity"). In France, the equivalent examinations (*bachots*) are nationwide, state-controlled, and never taken in the student's school. (In the Paris region, the written tests take place in a Sorbonne amphitheater, often under police supervision.) In fact, the American aversion to state-issued certificates seems rather illogical to the French. "You don't let driving schools issue driving licenses," a French school administrator once remarked. "Why should you let a high school make the final decision about how successful its own teaching has been?"

THE POSITION of the present Soviet educational authorities is that the study of various subjects should be properly co-ordinated and that the delicate matter of determining the amount of fundamental general knowledge a student should have before he specializes cannot be left to the whims of immature youngsters. Although this stand may be debatable, there may also be some discussion about how an extremely elective system in which one is allowed to study optics without geometry, electricity without algebra, astronomy without trigonometry, and journalism without spelling can be either effective or necessary for the maintenance of a democratic form of government.

The adherence to a prescribed, co-ordinated curriculum is by no means a Soviet monopoly. Such countries as France and Sweden, for example, seem to be in agreement with the principle. Indeed, many democratic nations have insisted on such practices in their schools longer than the Russians have.

The Ideological Spectrum

Nevertheless, there is one trait in the Soviet educational system that is unique. After reading the whole set of Soviet guides for teachers (about four hundred pages), one discovers that under the dulling uniformity of Soviet pedagogical jargon, they are not all quite the same; that some contain more "political message" than others (e.g., there is more in "Literature" than in "Chemistry"); and that, as the message grows louder, the teacher's guide begins to sound like a soapbox oration.

In arranging the books in a sort of spectrum according to their emotional intensity, one finds, as might be expected, the math book at one end and the history book (completely rewritten again last year) at the other.

On the whole, the math teacher is guided very discreetly by such reminders as that the subject matter of the problems "should be given in the context of" that vague activity which is usually translated as "building socialism." The physicist and the chemist are also reminded to set their problems in a properly constructive background and are further told to "emphasize the achievements of our national genius."

But as soon as the subject begins to touch upon living matter, scholarly restraint goes out the window. Even in its programmatic presentation, the biology teacher's guide (in which Trofim Lysenko makes a reappearance, although in a more modest capacity than he enjoyed in his heyday under Stalin) is an irate diatribe against certain western ideas.

MOVING EVEN farther away from light toward mere heat in the Russian educational spectrum, one comes to literature, which, needless to say, is a very political subject. And although the history syllabus, like the others, is prepared at the Ministry of Education, the history teacher is an exception among his colleagues in that he does not come under the jurisdiction of the ministry but directly under the party central committee.

Now the "political message," which is less likely to affect a more precise science at an elementary level, can still damage it badly at a level where the logical development becomes less cut and dried. And while the Soviet elementary physics teacher has been luckier than his biology colleague, who had to suffer the disorganization wrought in his field by

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lysenko's attempt to force all of genetics into a strait jacket of dialectical materialism, he has also been luckier than the university physics professor. Until 1952, advanced physicists had to reckon with the official condemnation of Einstein's special theory of relativity as "idealistic and bourgeois," and even today they must exercise discretion toward the implications of quantum mechanics because its reactionary uncertainty principle in the realm of the infinitely small unsettles their indispensable determinism. The secondary-school physics teacher has been spared both blows. In the first case, the explosion occurred in his neighbor's field; in the second, it came at too high an altitude to affect him. Of course, no one can tell where the next blow will come. This phase of the Soviet educational approach is indeed an outgrowth of totalitarianism: an attempt to prevent teacher and student from freely seeking their own interpretation of the facts; a bullying insistence by the state on its ready-made interpretation.

The Big Test

At the age of seventeen or eighteen, those who have completed ten grades of this co-ordinated but dogmatic schooling are ready for the state-controlled assessment of their achievements. This consists of three written and four oral tests, after which, if successful, the students will receive a sort of state-sanctioned intellectual coming of age, the "maturity certificate." Perhaps a look at some of the questions that were asked last summer may help in assessing the academic standards of Soviet secondary education as a whole.

The first written test the candidates had to pass satisfactorily in order to take the next involved writing a composition on a selected theme. They could be eliminated by bad spelling, poor grammar, or an improper application of the "socialist-realistic" critical approach. If they avoided all these pitfalls, the students then faced two more written tests, geometry and trigonometry, before reaching the oral examinations. In both fields, they were asked to establish formulas or demonstrate a theorem and to solve a problem. In geometry, they had studied as far as polyhedrons and solids of revolution, and in trigonometry as far as oblique-angled triangles and inverse trigonometric functions. Then, if still successful, they had to answer more questions on Russian literature, and others in algebra, physics, and chemistry.

An average American high-school graduate trying to cope with the Soviet tests would almost certainly be helpless. But a French boy of the same age who had prepared for his *bachot* in a *lycée* (no tuition fees for the last twenty years) would have been quite agreeably surprised if his math tests were on the Soviet level. Furthermore, the French student undergoes a test in physics, in two languages (ancient or modern), and writes a dissertation that, like the Russian, would eliminate him altogether if he was unable to spell. On top of all this, the French student takes orals in all these subjects as well as in biology, geography, and history. In the case of history, for the

last couple of years the Soviet boy has been spared both classes and tests in this most fickle of all his subjects.

Of course, if the French candidate had to apply socialist-realist criticism to Victor Hugo the way his Soviet counterpart applies it to Pushkin, he would surely flunk.

Assuming that the Soviet "maturity certificate" is proof that the bearer has an acceptable command of general knowledge, the next question is, What proportion of those who enter the ten-year schools actually reach that cultural plateau?

The 'Success Rate'

Statisticians call this ratio the "success rate," and we find that in the early 1950's, when the Soviet school system hit its academic peak, the diploma was won by only forty-nine tenth-graders out of every thousand students who had started in the first grade. Since then, however, with the yearly lightening of the program, the success rate has increased to about 125 per thousand, far ahead of that in countries like France, Germany, Italy, Sweden, and Denmark.

The only schools in the world that top the Soviets in success rate are those of the United States, and the two giants have left the other competitors far behind in the dust. This would seem to indicate at least one important similarity between the American and the Russian systems. Both are attempts at mass education, in which the emphasis tends to be placed on the "mass" rather than on the "education." Whether this is done by easy aids to learning or by the hard Soviet way of learning by rote, the result, good or bad for the child, is certain to keep the success rate high.

HIGH AS the Soviet success rate may be, the picture of a country in which almost everyone ends up with a solid educational grounding is somewhat exaggerated. We know now that out of every thousand children entering the Soviet first grade, 875 will at some point fall by the wayside. But the actual proportion of educational have-nots is even greater than this figure indicates.

The fact that the Soviet government plans to have enough ten-year schools available to accommodate all its schoolchildren by 1960 is an admission that there are not enough of them today. An indication of the true state of universal education in the Soviet Union may be obtained from *Uchitelskaya Gazeta,* the Soviet teachers' professional newspaper, which often contains such statements as those in the following letter to the editor last October:

"We are always told about schools being built in the rural areas, but

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so far we have not seen much in the way of results," according to the author of the letter, one P. Reshotkov, a rural school inspector. He goes on to say: "In our district, we have failed to fulfill the plans for registration of children of school age or the

plans for graduation from the seventh grade . . . while in Otryad-Alabuzhsky, Zubarevsky, and several other districts, there is no organized registration of children for school to speak of." He then lists a number of collective and state farms where children have not even attended first-grade classes although long past school age. Mr. Reshotkov ends his letter by exposing the culprits: "Of course, the officials of the rural Soviets must bear a share of the responsibility. However, the main culprits are the teachers who fail to give their full co-operation in the struggle for universal education." This is one extracurricular activity with which American teachers are not saddled.

But, whoever the villain may be, we see that in order to understand the Soviet success figure, we must first know how many Soviet children out of a thousand actually enter the first grade. And that figure we certainly do not have.

THE same October 17, 1957, issue of *Uchitelskaya Gazeta* contains an irate article entitled "When Shall We Finally Receive Our Textbooks?" Apparently many math, physics, and chemistry manuals are as much as twenty years out of date, while the "humanities" textbooks (which in the Soviet Union include those on biology) are constantly being snatched away from the schoolchildren to be rewritten.

It also turns out that Soviet schoolteachers are not always the objects of universal respect they have been made out to be. In another issue of the teachers' newspaper there is an editorial complaint that children are overburdened with useless homework that only affects their health without compensating for the poor quality of teaching. On August 1, 1957, there was also a charge that many language teachers do not know the language they teach, and that there are even teachers who don't speak Russian very well.

What Makes a Scientist?

Such criticisms might simply reflect common problems that come up in any school system. Some even have a familiar ring, such as the stories about inadequate school space, double sessions, absenteeism, and juvenile delinquency. Others are more unexpected. While we are constantly being told that the Soviets produce an impressive number of engineers, we are less aware of the constant clamor for specialized and skilled workers. Apparently a great many of the 87.5 per cent who drop out of the ten-year school system do so even before they have reached the point at which they can be trained for a skilled trade.

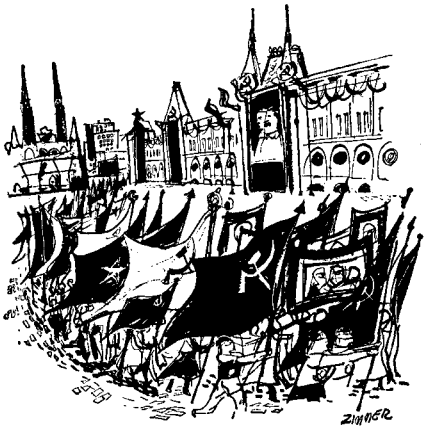
While the Soviets were the first to send up satellites, and although they have first-class scientists like Fock, Kapitsa, Tamm, and Blagonravov, it is far from certain that these distinctions reflect the general level of their secondary education. After all, not so long ago the United States enjoyed an undisputed lead in technology as symbolized by the first nuclear bombs, and American education then was just about what it is today.

Of course it may be argued that whereas most of the American technological lead in nuclear weapons didn't have much to do with U.S. education—Einstein, Fermi, and so many others being foreign-trained—the Soviet scientists, with a few exceptions like Kapitsa, were trained wholly in Russia, and thus may indeed reflect the excellence of the Soviet schools. But the quality of today's Soviet secondary education could hardly have affected any of today's outstanding Soviet scientists. The older ones must have attended the pre-Revolutionary schools, and most of the rest belong to the generation that was subjected to the worst excesses of polytechnicism. There seem to be no hard and fast rules about the way in which superior talent flourishes.

The Russians' scientific success may owe less to the excellence of their education than to their efficiency in processing and distributing all available scientific data from all over the world. And if one or two particular institutions of Soviet society are to be given most of the credit, it should go not to the secondary schools but to the universities and to the impressive chain of research institutes that are more and more becoming sanctuaries from narrow dogmatism for a new intellectual elite.

BE THAT as it may, on January 16, 1958, *Pravda* announced proudly in its front-page editorial that Marion B. Folsom, the U.S. Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, "had to admit that the Soviet schools had outstripped those of the United States in scientific education." *Pravda* went on to urge Soviet teachers to "struggle harder for the revelation of the whole beauty of the Communist idea to the new generation."

If we restrict ourselves to scientific education, Secretary Folsom's alleged evaluation is probably accurate. The Soviet schools, although they are not streamlined education plants mass-



producing future scientists and technicians, do have a better science curriculum than that of U.S. public schools. But France, Germany, Italy, and Denmark have even better ones. So if a model is needed, why choose the Soviets? Because of the Sputniks? Why not choose Denmark because of Niels Bohr?

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Scientist's Impressions Of Russian Research

J. O'M. BOCKRIS

THE ARRIVAL at Moscow airport was informal. I had been invited by the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R. to attend an international scientific conference, and I was met by a well-known academician. We walked through the airport building, collected my case, passed into the street, entered his chauffeur-driven limousine, and drove to the hotel. "We shall not bother about formalities," said the academician; "you are a guest."

The position of the top-flight Russian scientist is one of the most remarkable and significant manifestations of the Soviet system. The Russian people display very much the same enthusiasm for their scientists that Americans have for heroes of sport.

There seems to be so much money for research that budgetary considerations no longer concern Soviet scientists in the execution of their ideas. Those I talked to seemed unable to comprehend our preoccupation with the cost of things. They often had little idea of the price of some of the items of equipment they ordered. From the Russians' belief that in a technological civilization both the standard of living and military security are dependent on scientific research, it follows that the results of research are all but priceless.

A Scientific Elite

I was impressed by the emphasis Russian scientists placed on fundamental research. In the West only a few government research institutes exist, and they are devoted largely to the attainment of an applied aim of pressing importance. In the United States we have only two or three major industrial laboratories where fundamental research is pursued for its own sake without direct reference to commercial applications. In Russia, however, there are dozens of fundamental-research institutes in the various fields within, say, chemistry, and each contains a hundred or more scientists engaged in research totally unconnected with any immediate application.

The Russians believe that increasing fundamental knowledge is the quickest and cheapest way to obtain *applied* advances. Moreover, it places at the disposal of the nation a corps of good scientists with fundamental knowledge and understanding of their field. Further, it allows people of greater maturity to stay in research until past an age where people in the West have often been transferred to administrative positions. In the West men are often encouraged to quit research when they are past forty, because salaries for people who make the noncreative administrative arrangements for scientific work are usually higher than the salaries of the scientists themselves.

Women scientists abound in Russia, and both men and women work in research institutions to an age of sixty or more. In the research institutes I visited I had an impression of great energy and drive. Everyone appeared to be darting about with remarkable verve.

ANOTHER Russian concept that we in the West might profitably study concerns the use of scientific technicians. The Russian philosophy appears to be that no scientists should have to spend time doing work that people with lesser training can do. Therefore they have created a new class of science aides. The research scientist in Russia does not have to spend his time in fetching and carrying things and doing routine secretarial jobs, or generally acting as a technician or a mechanic himself. All this is done for him, the minor jobs by fleets of young girl assistants. The discipline of these assistants is impressive. In some laboratory demonstrations made for me by an academician, two women assistants would stand near him, passing him the various pieces of equipment he called for much as a nurse hands a surgeon his instruments at an operation. I was told that from two to four technical aides were available to each scientist. Every professor has at least one secretary. (Some I visited had four.) This large number of trained technicial assistants for scientific research is in sharp contrast to the shortage of technicians in Soviet industry.

Many of the technicians I talked to had had an excellent general education and could speak English and German understandably. They appeared to have a general scientific training roughly of the level attained in the United States by people who major in chemistry for their B.S. degree.

There are few signs of conformity among top Russian scientists. There appear to be just as many "characters" among them as there are in Europe and the United States. They are not expected to be friendly and "well adjusted," partly because of the danger of conformity to original thinking, a danger stressed several times to us during the visit. It seems that to be a scientist in Russia is to be a member of a charmed circle in which, so long as one continues to be a good scientist and produce fundamental ideas or valued technological developments, one enjoys considerable scope and freedom.

On the other hand, the penalty for making a mistake, particularly one of reasoning, is severe. The position of many scientists (but not of academicians) is reconsidered every five years, and they may be promoted or demoted at the end of this time depending upon their achievements. One proved mistake may have a marked effect upon a man's position and income.

Theory and Practice

Russian laboratories make use of space and equipment very differently from their British and American counterparts. They were much more crowded, and I found all sorts of people working in tiny spaces and building their apparatus up walls and attaching them to the ceilings so that they could get enough space to work in. One got the im-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pression that where we would put one man in the United States, the Russians had put two Ph.D.s and six assistants.

All the laboratories were crowded with equipment, though it was by no means all new. Some of the older instruments were American; the newer ones were Russian. Since there seem to be almost no budgetary limitations on fundamental research, all the projects I saw were adequately instrumented.

In sharp contrast to the display of equipment were the old buildings in which some of the research institutes were housed. The Russians consider the appearance of the buildings unimportant compared with the work done inside them.

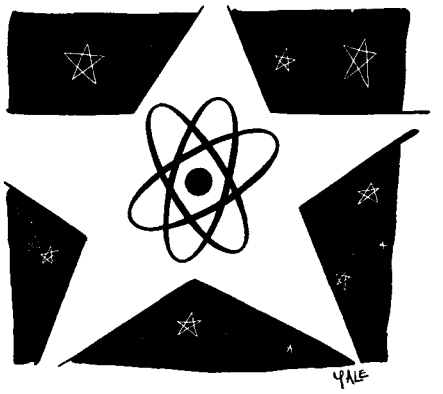
The Academic Hierarchy

There is a pyramidal system in research direction. Only very experienced people direct research, and there appeared to be no one under thirty in charge of the research teams. Most of the directors I saw were in their fifties and sixties and had under them enormous teams of as many as a hundred men, whom they would direct with the help of some half a dozen supervisors of high prestige and experience. The relation of director to supervisor appeared to be somewhat similar to that of general and colonel in an army. There is not the slightest doubt about who is master of the research group in the presence of an academician. The orders crackle out and everyone moves fast to obey.

Nearly all the Russians I met at the research institutes appeared to be quick-minded. They were always eager to discuss theoretical ideas rather than techniques. Thus, they always started a description of a piece of work with the theory contained in it, together with the principal mathematical equations, and tended to come to practical aspects later as a kind of afterthought. ("Oh, and that over there—that, of course, is the apparatus.")

The salary scale of the professors is probably the key to the very advanced state of academic life in Russia. The income of a university science professor varies between $30,000 and $60,000 per year according to his status. It may reach $100,000 in some instances. (These figures are based upon the official rate of exchange for the ruble and the dollar, which exaggerates the purchasing power of the ruble. In this sense, the figures give an exaggerated impression of the Russian professor's income. Conversely, the income is subject only to a straight ten per cent taxation, and the salary is augmented by a number of fringe benefits.)

A top Russian science professor's income is frequently obtained from three sources. He has a salary as a



professor; he has a salary for his position in a research institute (most professors divide their time between positions in research institutes and those they hold in the universities, the latter requiring only a relatively small amount of the time of the more senior men); and, if he is an academician, he has a life salary from the Academy of Sciences. He retires on a pension of about two-thirds of his final salary.

Not only is the professor extremely well paid but he is also regarded as the top intellectual in the community and therefore as one whose status is second to none. With his servants, assistants, car, chauffeur, and large income, he can devote himself completely to fundamental work without being distracted by efforts to provide for his family by taking up extra duties outside his official appointments. In this respect particularly, the Russian professor's opposite number in the United States feels at a disadvantage because he can sometimes get down to actual research work only after a multitude of other tasks has been completed, including trying to persuade various bodies to contribute money so that he may carry out research at all.

Moscow State University is not easy to describe because of the difficulty of finding comparable institutions elsewhere. Its central tower contains some forty floors, and the "central massif" of the building is about twenty stories high. The main building contains lecture halls, theaters, a cinema, a dance hall, swimming pools, gymnasiums, etc. The accommodations for students would do credit to a good American hotel. The large departments of physics and chemistry that lie behind the main building are several times bigger than any departments I have ever seen elsewhere in the world. The student is not allowed to forget the constantly reiterated theme: "Progress through scientific research."

The Russian youth who has succeeded in entering the university and has been selected to be a scientist is given a treatment that appears to be aimed at the formation of an elite intellectual class. His acceptance at the university is by means of competitive examination. Tuition is free and seventy-nine per cent of the students get a considerable allowance during their studies—even upon matriculation it is well above the national average. In chemistry, about a fifth of the applicants are accepted. The higher their marks in the entrance examination, the higher their stipend during their studies. Thus the financial incentive system goes into operation at the very beginning of a scientist's career.

Most of the chemistry courses are at a level much above those we know in the West. During their last two years (the course takes five), students are assigned to some research task. There is no time specially set aside for this work, but they are expected to find time during the evening or night to carry it out. If they do not, they are "not sufficiently enthusiastic" and may be dropped out of the university (thus suffering a precipitous drop in salary).

No important examinations are held during the five-year course. At the end of this time, students must take an examination with questions on the whole of the syllabus. About twenty per cent fail. The production of graduate chemists from Moscow University is at the rate of three to four hundred a year.

Moscow gives the visitor an impression of massiveness. Just as the European who goes to America

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

finds that many things seem "bigger," so an American visiting Russia finds a number of things that appear large to him: the enormous fair outside the city, representing the products of the various republics in the Union; the GUM general store, which stretches the whole length of Red Square; and colossal statues of what might be termed "folk heroes" in some heroic pose exemplifying achievement.

I was impressed by the confidence of the Russians we met everywhere. They did not argue their point of view, but took an entirely didactic attitude, "instructing" us concerning their system, much as though it were an established principle of physics that we should have known. They had a fair appreciation of the higher living standards in the West and were eager to catch up, but for all that they seemed to regard the United States economic system as old-fashioned—an attitude that is of course strengthened by Russian scientific achievements. It is as though the Russians were saying: "Those Americans are still producing piston-engined commercial aircraft. This proves that what we have always said about them is true: Capitalism is the old way and doesn't keep up with modern life."

With respect to freedom there was plenty of evidence that it was greatly curtailed in the sense we know it. Everything was tightly disciplined and everyone seemed to be playing a definite planned role, rather like that of a soldier in an army.

When I asked a Russian colleague if he did not regret the absence of the freedom of western life, he replied in substance: "Freedom for what? If the people had freedom of choice, they would choose wrongly. They would want more consumer goods, to start with, and our economists have shown that we cannot afford to give these until we have obtained some more important long-range goals."

Frustration and Boredom In Russian Youth

HANS ROGGER

Only a short time ago, the educational system that presumably made Russia's recent technological victories possible was considered a threat not to us but to the Soviets themselves. This thesis, which was widely advocated, held that Russia's young people—particularly the students—could be expected, as a result of the education they were receiving, to question the very system that had brought them up. Now the same young people who were then expected to be the dissenters of the Communist world are considered a major challenge to the West. The two positions are not necessarily irreconcilable. Student unrest does not spell the imminence of counter-revolution, nor can the Soviet educational system ensure Communism's victory over the West. The contradictions remain and Soviet society has plenty of trouble with its youth.

The most serious indications that Communism had not been totally successful in engaging the loyalties of youth came from Poland and Hungary, but the Soviet Union too saw a wave of doubt and restlessness reach the training ground of its elite—the higher educational institutions—even though the régime had been in power forty years. The assignment of Ekaterina Furtseva, a member of the Presidium, to the task of dealing with the "problem of youth" was an admission of its existence. The problem of youth has now been recognized as an ideological malaise that can no longer be dismissed as simple delinquency or rowdyism.

The Revolution Is Over

Still, it is evident that during the last year, the Soviet government has succeeded in imposing an outward conformity on its young. During a recent Russian trip I found little evidence of the stirrings that followed the downgrading of Stalin and of the mood of rebelliousness that followed the revolt in Hungary.

The Soviet Union has now outlived its phase of revolutionary fervor and has had to settle down to the realities, the demands, and the discipline of an increasingly complex economic and social system. To a considerable degree the industrialization of a backward country, which in the early years of the régime fired many young people with a sense of mission and adventure, has been completed. The ultimate goal of Communism, which aims at plenty, equality, and opportunity, is constantly invoked to revive that early enthusiasm, but its achievement is just as constantly postponed. This gap between the goal of complete Communism, of ever-widening horizons and opportunities, and the realities of everyday life—a gap that more prosperous societies can bridge by high levels of material satisfaction—is one of the important sources of the crisis of Soviet youth.

The crisis, though far from universal, stems from the denial of opportunity for many and from the disappointment of hopes that the régime itself has raised by insisting that in Soviet society training, skills, and political loyalty are the only determinants of opportunity and status. The abolition of tuition fees for higher education and the planned extension of the full ten-year secondary school throughout the country by 1960 have served, by their emphasis on the acquisition of educational and occupational skills, to intensify the normal pressures for advancement. But once these skills are acquired, they must be used if those who have them are not to become cynical and apathetic.

The régime has not yet openly disavowed its doctrine of careers open to all talents. The Young Communist League (Komsomol), for example, insists in one of its handbooks that all doors are open to

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

youth: "Being masters of our lives, we select work according to our inclinations, a profession according to our soul's desire. . . ." If the young are truly convinced of this, a great many of them are bound to be disappointed. A complex economy and a social system that provides for varying rewards must necessarily meet demands that are often in conflict with the ideal of equal opportunity for all. A question put by the *Literary Gazette* of Moscow has not yet been answered to the satisfaction either of the young or of their rulers:

"Who is to run the locomotives and work in the steel mills, who will make our clothes, bake our bread, and build our cities . . . if all our Mityas, Tamaras, and Viktors become doctors and teachers?"

Who'll Do the Work?

It is in education, the most important and perhaps the only road for advancement, that the restriction of opportunity has had the most immediate impact on youth. Although Americans at this point are aware only of the great number of scientists and engineers produced in Russia, the Russian leaders themselves are painfully conscious of the lack of skilled workers. While the scientific researcher has no lack of trained

assistants, in industry there is a shortage of skilled labor, the noncoms of industry without whom their technicians must remain generals of an army of privates. From Khrushchev down, Russia's leaders are constantly exhorting the young to shoulder their share of the unpleasant, unglamorous tasks. The keynote of this campaign was sounded in Khrushchev's appeal to the young, which was reported in *Pravda* of April 13, 1956. He spoke of the incorrect attitude toward manual labor that he had noted among graduates of the ten-year schools (the equivalent of high school), of their reluctance to go to work in factories or on farms and construction sites. He reminded them of the conditional nature of the good fortune that allowed them to eat the bread others had grown and to live in houses others had built. The point of his lesson was made even more explicit: "It is the goal of the Communist Party to provide all Soviet citizens with a ten-year education. But does this mean that a ten-year graduate should not strive to work in industry, a motor tractor station, or a collective farm? Of course not! Who would then be left for such work?"

For at least three years now the Soviets have conducted an unrelenting campaign against the notion that high-school graduation must be followed by advanced training as a matter of social prestige and a condition of professional advancement. Parents and children are constantly told that a factory job is no less pleasant or honorable than that of a singer or writer, that contempt for honest labor is a petty-bourgeois attitude, and that a high-school diploma is not a certificate of gentility that frees its owner from physical labor. Newspapers are full of cases of students who are unwilling to accept jobs in factories or farms, especially in the newly colonized areas of the country, and *Pravda* tells of some graduates of the Moscow Institute of Juridical Science who had used their parents' contacts to avoid assignment to posts outside Moscow or Leningrad. In the city of Grodno, according to a local newspaper, only eight of the high-school graduates were prepared to go to work, while eighty-three per cent of all graduating students planned to enter universities.

THE NEEDS of the economy together with wartime losses in population have led the government to ever stronger measures. Students have been threatened with having diplomas withheld until the completion of work assignments. Admission requirements to higher institutions have been tightened, with preference to applicants who have had two or three years of production experience. The trouble with administrative decisions of this kind is that they have resulted in cynicism and a loss of morale. *Komsomolskaya Pravda,* organ of the Young Communist League, reports the characteristic case of the students at Kursk High School who, expecting to go straight from school to work, became careless in their studies and indifferent about their chances of graduation.

In order to meet the needs of the economy for men equipped with a wide variety of vocational skills, the government has once again resorted to the "polytechnization" of the Soviet school. The state labor reserve schools, which were established in 1940 to give vocational training to as many as four hundred thousand young people between the ages of fourteen and seventeen every year, are no longer adequate to this task, especially since the present school system is felt to be aimed primarily at preparation for higher education.

This will be even truer when the full ten-year school is introduced in the rural areas as planned, for it is from the country districts, where it is far from universal, that the labor reserves drew most of their recruits. The effect of this new vocational emphasis in the general school curriculum, which now includes courses in carpentry, metalworking, and tractor repair, is to reduce its academic content, to decrease chances of admission to higher education, and to guide students into jobs in industry and agriculture.

The expansion of vocational training in the schools, emphatically de-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

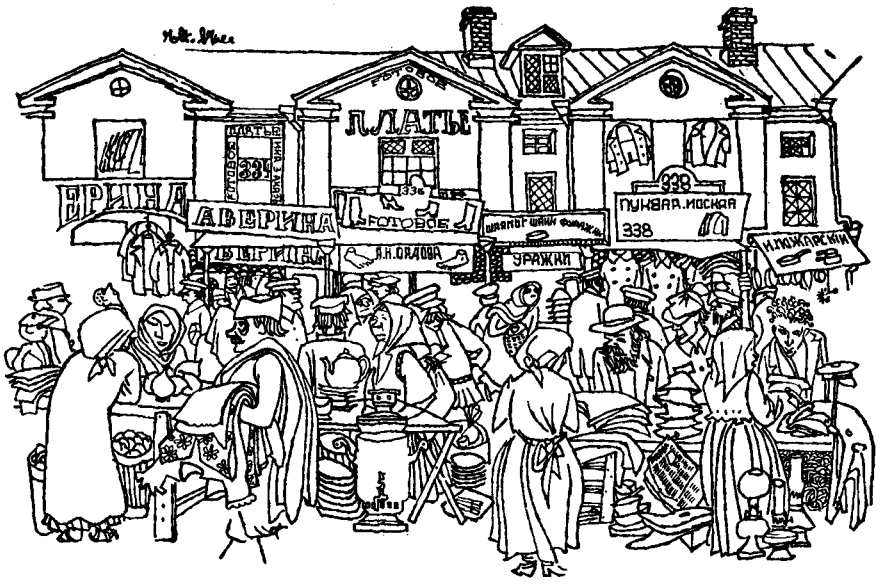
manded by Khrushchev at the Twentieth Party Congress two years ago, was set in motion as far back as 1952, but it met with resistance from parents and students, and the skepticism of educators, who felt that if such training was to become an integral part of the curriculum, one, two, or even three years would have to be added to the educational process.

Government and party, however, went ahead with their plans and in July, 1954, revised the curriculum for schools in the Russian Republic. The amount of time spent in some classes on such subjects as logic, psychology, languages, history, and geography was very substantially reduced; in chemistry, mathematics, and physics the practical applications of these subjects are stressed—students are taught the use of the abacus, to survey land, and to prepare and read maps, mechanical drawings, and construction plans. They are given practical training in plant and animal biology and receive weekly instruction in workshops and in the fields.

The Soviet school has been asked to teach skills and attitudes that in an economy like ours are transmitted by the environment, by constant and close contact with machines and appliances, by 4-H Clubs and AAA driver-training programs.

The New Aristocracy

The restriction of prospects for an advanced education may be justified by the needs of the economy, but it is made less tolerable by the existence of privileged groups who enjoy special opportunities for advancement. Exceptional benefits conferred upon the children of the few —high-ranking officers, government officials, specialists, and artists—cause a good deal of resentment and cynicism. Even the abolition of tuition fees, of scholarship grants solely on the basis of academic excellence, cannot prevail against the inequities of a system where, as reported by the Soviet press, one student can buy his way into medical school by bribing one of the professors and others can afford to hire stand-ins to take their examinations. Such a possibility of transmitting privilege, either by inheritance or more subtly through influence and friendship, is of course a denial of the equalitarianism which is supposed to be an important part of Communism's appeal to the masses.



The Kremlin leadership is fully aware of the problem posed by the newly arrived who want desperately to pass on their exceptional advantages to their children. The mamma's boy of satire is a real enough phenomenon of Soviet life, as are his parents, who are anxious to get him into a good school, to keep him from being assigned to an unpleasant job in a remote district, and in general to smooth his way for him. Perhaps one of the goals of the régime in setting up boarding schools and more day nurseries and kindergartens, as demanded by the Twentieth Party Congress, is to remove the child from the exclusive influence of the family and its predominant interests. As yet there are few of the new boarding schools in existence, but the one I visited in Moscow was conspicuous for the attention it devoted to manual training.

THE FREQUENT denunciations in the Soviet press of juvenile delinquency among the sons and daughters of the new "aristocracy" do not have delinquency as their only target. Extensive descriptions of juvenile crimes—theft, reckless driving, drunkenness, and orgies—frequently include the names and positions of the offenders' parents. The most famous case of this kind, involving the daughters of a major general, an air force colonel, and a lieutenant colonel in the security forces, was extensively discussed in the fall of 1956, and the papers dealing with it pointed out the sharp contrast between the thoughtless idleness of the children of the elite, their infatuation with American detective novels and films, lipstick, and nylons, and the devoted, patriotic work of their contemporaries in factories and on farms. In spite of the concentration of attention on juvenile delinquency among the upper strata, it appears to be equally common among children of working-class origin who engage in petty theft and illegal transactions to acquire the good things of life.

Just Plain Bored

Juvenile delinquency is not, however, the result of social or economic factors alone. Boredom plays an unmistakably large role in the life of Soviet youth. It is an ever-present feature that can be seen in the university lecture hall and in the arts, at work and at play, as an inescapable part of public and private life: much of the vitality and adventure, the imagination and freshness of youth must sooner or later be stunted. When the Communist leaders try to control the impulsiveness of youth, to harness it for the service of the state, they create a situation of great strain and conflict that can only result in apathetic conformity or rebellion.

Boredom derives from official unwillingness to let young people seek their own entertainment, their own work, their own clubs and organiza-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tions, their own ideals. The party's universal tutelage of youth organizations, losses in these organizations' membership, and the recent "reorganization" of the magazine *Young Guard* and the dismissal of its editor show clearly the depth of suspicion with which state and youth confront each other.

The widespread mistrust of individual initiative has eaten so deeply into public life that even when young people join together in publicly proclaimed tasks, they may be met with suspicion and fear. For example, not so long ago a group of Russian youngsters banded together for hikes, games, swimming parties, and also to help keep up their city's parks. Officials of the Young Communist League learned of this extraordinary development, suspected the orthodoxy of a group that had formed without their knowledge, and sent an emissary to the local high school to look into the "secret organization." "It is only natural," *Komsomolskaya Pravda* ruefully concluded, "that the young people are afraid to meet any longer."

'Safe' Meetings and 'Politfear'

If Soviet youth is afraid to take any initiative that might come under the suspicion of officialdom, it is even more reluctant to attend the "safe" meetings of the official youth organizations. This reluctance has found an expressive designation in the Russian vocabulary, "politfear," a condition that is widespread in all the satellite countries. No partial relaxation of controls can overcome this monumental resistance to guided political participation.

A pathetic illustration of the atrophy of free inquiry is afforded by *Komsomolskaya Pravda,* which assures its readers that they need not be cautious and are free to raise any questions that concern them. In case they don't know how, the paper furnishes examples of truly fundamental issues that cannot fail to stimulate lively discussions: "What will our collective farm be like at the end of the Five-Year Plan? What role will the high-school graduate fill in the life of the nation? What will be the results of the extension of the camp of peace, and of what significance is the creation of complex brigades?"

Such recommendations will not overcome the fear of raising real problems or the unwillingness to ask questions whose answers are already known. The lifeless formalism of the youth organizations and clubs has been the subject of much criticism, as have the dull dogmatism of their leaders, their bureaucratic structure and lack of internal democracy. But without a fundamental change in the society in which they function, they are not likely to become islands of initiative in a sea of conformity.

The flight into privacy, the search for an area where quiet reflection and relative independence of mind and action will not be disturbed, is further stimulated by the incredible demands made on the time and energies of young people. The constant calls to do battle for one cause or another quickly reach a point of diminishing response and are then reinforced by repetition and threats. Whether the young people are called upon to help bring in the harvest or break a bottleneck in production, to improve their vocational skills or their military preparedness, they are never entirely free from a public obligation or a sense of guilt. "Labor for the good of the people" may indeed be "the basis of the education of youth in the spirit of Communism," as *Kommunist,* the party journal, proclaimed recently, but when this means spending a summer vacation working in distant Kazakhstan or interrupting one's education for two years, enthusiasm is something less than total. The entirely genuine eagerness with which young Russians followed the appeal for participation in the 1957 youth festival was an indication both of the extraordinary nature of that event and of the temporary relaxation of nearly unbearable pressures.

Much of what the Soviet press calls hooliganism has for its motive the search for thrills, for some excitement that is not officially approved or launched. Drinking is one reaction against the terrible drabness of the environment, which leaves a young person little to choose from among a film he has probably seen already, a lecture, or a walk to the local park of rest and culture. Another reaction, most frequently seen in the larger towns, is the widespread imitation of styles of dress and behavior that are meant to suggest an individuality and uniqueness which are denounced as western or American. The Estonian *"Dzhonni"* who with a languid *"helloh"* hails his friends from a street corner, the Moscow *"styliagi"* or style boys, and the youngsters who trade rock 'n roll records are pathetic rather than dangerous. Even the authorities have come to realize that it is better to ignore than to persecute them.

THE RESTRICTION of opportunity for some, economic hardship for others, boredom, an ideological void, delinquency, and political apathy are the main elements of the problem of Soviet youth. Some of the young, however, will absorb some of Communism's original meaning as long as they are still taught its vocabulary; and simply because they are young and have not yet learned to accept "facts," they will note the gap between the spirit and the reality, and whenever possible will demand that it be closed.

The present generation of youth will have to assume positions of responsibility and power before long. Without a firm commitment to the principles of their elders and lacking confidence in the justice of their cause, they may not be its most determined defenders in a time of crisis. This is the dilemma confronting the Soviet leaders, one that they cannot resolve without a fundamental revision of their present practices. The question is whether to infuse their brand of Marxism with new life and meaning or to hold out real prospects for personal satisfaction and well-being to the young. It is to the latter alternative that Khrushchev and the present leaders have for the moment preferred to turn, but they lack the resources to apply it rapidly or soon.

THESE signs of doubt and indifference among Soviet youth must not be interpreted as a total rejection of the system under which they have grown up. Whatever the complexion of the new Russia that will emerge from the conflict of the generations, it will retain enough of its present features to pose a continuing challenge to our intellectual and political resourcefulness.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Our Sixth Fleet In the Mediterranean

WILLIAM H. HESSLER

A SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA must be able to deal just as well with a passage scored for two flutes and an oboe as it does when its members are all lustily earning their union scale in the climactic sonority of Beethoven's Ninth. Indeed, the quality of an orchestra may sometimes be better discerned when most of its members are resting their instruments on their knees.

Like most analogies, this one is imperfect. But the problem of Admiral Charles R. ("Cat") Brown, commander of the U.S. Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean, is not altogether unlike that of Fritz Reiner or Eugene Ormandy. On the briefest notice, his fleet must be ready to shower massive nuclear destruction on chosen targets along and beyond the northern rim of the Black Sea, five hundred to a thousand miles from the Mediterranean itself. It must be equally competent to dampen the frenetic patriotism of an Arab street mob in front of the U.S. embassy in Damascus.

There is a gamut of other possible tasks in between, usually described as fighting brushfires. And when military work is slack, a ship of this versatile fleet, anchored in Piraeus harbor, may be expected to do a deft job of entertaining a hundred small fry from an Athenian orphanage. For such assignments, a cruiser or aircraft carrier is equipped with weapons of proved effectiveness—a tour of the ship, a band concert, ice cream with cake, and a brawny chief boatswain's mate who is fond of children.

OBVIOUSLY, a naval force tailored to such diverse duties must be a compromise. It cannot pack the maximum nuclear wallop that might be built into its total tonnage. Neither can it have as many Marines, with jeeps, artillery, light tanks, landing craft, and helicopters, as might be desirable in certain contingencies.

The U.S. Sixth Fleet is such a compromise. And the nature of the compromise reflects the Navy's collective evaluation of the risks. The Chief of Naval Operations and his staff know that brushfires are much more likely than is all-out nuclear war. But they know something else—

that it would be a much more serious matter to be unable to act decisively in the first hours of nuclear war than to be caught without the proper forces and weapons for policing a stretch of Israel's southern frontier or rescuing a beleaguered American ambassador in Cairo.

The probability of minor tasks is a factor, but so is the magnitude of the stakes in the unlikely event of a massive showdown. So also is the fact that keeping the Mediterranean clear of hostile submarines and aircraft is a job delegated to other NATO forces, mainly British. In shaping and reshaping the Sixth Fleet, the Navy Department has focused on its prime mission, which is offensive. Consequently, this show piece of U.S. air-sea power is somewhat better prepared for the worst that might happen than for what is most likely to happen. It could hardly be otherwise in a navy that talks little of Pearl Harbor but remembers it constantly.

Our Mediterranean Fleet now has about fifty ships, twenty-five thousand men, and two hundred aircraft—more of all these than it had a few years ago. It is equipped with heavier planes of greater range, speed, and armament. Its carriers, with canted decks, steam catapults, and mirror landing systems, can launch more planes in less time than a few years ago. Quite new also is the addition of a guided-missile cruiser—either the *Canberra* or the *Boston,* which take turns in the Mediterranean. The fleet has recently been equipped with Regulus I, a surface-to-surface missile of five-hundred-mile range that can be launched by cruisers, aircraft carriers, or submarines. (The thousand-mile Regulus II has been tested successfully but is not yet operational.)

More Power, Fewer Friends

Most important of many changes are the fleet's three atomic capabilities—the bomb, which almost all its combat aircraft can carry, the recently disclosed anti-submarine nuclear depth charge, and the tactical atomic capability of its Marines, who are trained in the use of nuclear artillery. Any new inventory of the Mediterranean Fleet must take account also of the accumulated experience of a naval force that through the years has visited nearly a hundred ports and has engaged in four to eight joint exercises with other NATO powers annually, plus many binational exercises of similar value, including its own endless round of gunnery, anti-submarine, and anti-aircraft exercises and simulated offensive air strikes.

In the beefing-up process, some wholly new ship types have also been added: a specially fitted landing craft for the use of an underwater demolition team and one rigged to equip and man a forward airbase. Added to the fleet for three months each year, for stepped-up anti-submarine

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

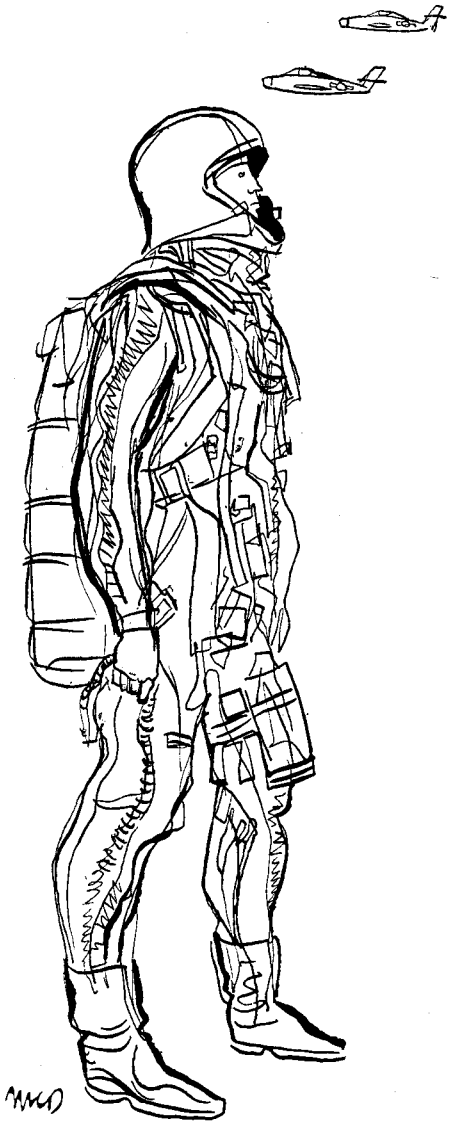
exercises, is a hunter-killer force: an *Essex*-class carrier with its planes and six destroyers, all of them fully equipped with all the best gear the United States possesses today for the detection and destruction of undersea craft.

There is no accurate yardstick for measuring the increase in the power of the Sixth Fleet in the last half-dozen years. But it can be said flatly that in terms of the sheer destructive force of what it can throw at an enemy's ships, aircraft, and land targets, the firepower of this fleet is greater than that of the combined Allied and Axis air forces of the Second World War.

THIS BUILD-UP of our Mediterranean naval power since 1950 reflects new weaponry—notably the atomic bomb—but it is primarily a direct response to the deterioration of our strategic position in the area. In 1946 the Mediterranean Sea was circled by our friends. By 1950 it still was, and some of those friends had become well-armed allies. But today Egypt is perilously close to being a pawn of the Soviet Union, and Syria seems destined to become a well-placed stepping stone for Soviet power on the eastern margin of the Mediterranean. The Russians have become bolder in sending their own naval vessels into the Mediterranean, and seem to count on having a submarine base on the Syrian coast in due time, as well as the torpedo-boat facility now being constructed there. Whether the Russians gain or lose by the amalgamation of Egypt and Syria, the recent policies of the two countries and their avowed "positive neutralism" for the future have seriously weakened western influence in the Mediterranean.

Meanwhile there has been a rapid growth of Soviet sea power generally. Russia's is the second-largest navy in the world, and the fastest-growing. Its expansion is mainly in submarines—currently, it would appear, in nuclear-propelled types. Western Europe's dependence on Middle East oil continues ominously large; and it seems likely to remain so for quite some years despite the new Saharan oil fields and the prospect of nuclear power in the still distant future. Our handicaps in the Middle East are augmented by the decline of British and French influence and power there—to some extent the result of the United States's own decision to block the Anglo-French effort to smash Nasserism at Suez in late 1956.

Our position in the Mediterranean is made more precarious by our failure to reach agreement with the British on a unified naval command in that sea. It is worsened by the Algerian struggle, which saps the strength of France, our basic continental ally and properly the police-



man of the western Mediterranean. This also keeps all Algerian ports out of bounds for our fleet. If there has been any political and strategic gain in the area in the last five years, it is in the build-up of our bases in Spain. At the most optimistic evaluation, however, this is a small plus.

All these signs of a deteriorating position are overshadowed by the changes made necessary by the new missile capability of the Soviet Union. Almost overnight, this drastically reduces the value of the forward airbase network we have built so painstakingly and at such cost in Morocco, Spain, Libya, and Saudi Arabia. Similarly, it slashes the value of the non-American airbases (built to American specifications and needs with American dollars) in Turkey, Greece, Italy, and western Europe. All these bases, at known and pinpointed locations, are within reach of any ballistic missile the Russians may have of intermediate range or greater. The same applies to the prospective launching sites of the IRBMs the United States has offered, in the future tense, to its NATO allies. By moving ahead of the United States in missile capability, Russia has cut deeply into the strategic value of our great circle of forward bomber bases and our less-advertised broken circle of advanced fighter bases close to the Soviet perimeter.

HOWEVER, Russia's headlong advance in ballistic-missile technology automatically upgrades the Sixth Fleet, because ships, whose speeds and courses are unpredictable, make extremely difficult targets for ballistic missiles. True, a *homing* missile of sufficient range could play havoc with our ships in the Mediterranean. Such missiles with nuclear warheads and a thousand-mile range, fired from a launching station in Bulgaria, might oblige us either to abandon the Mediterranean or risk the destruction of our fleet, unless a counterweapon were found in time. It is thought unlikely, however, that the Russians have such a missile at present, and in any case the development of a defense against it is a much easier proposition than defense against a ballistic missile is for land bases.

So far as the nature and capabilities of Russia's missile weapons are known, therefore, the Sixth Fleet is still under no immediate threat, and the value of a mobile airbase largely immune to ballistic missiles is enormous at a time when the United States has to face at least three or four years of inferiority in the weapons systems of the future.

This multipurpose fleet is made up

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of four component forces: the attack carrier striking force, the Amphibious Force, the Service Force, and (three months a year) a hunter-killer force. For the all-out war that conceivably could come, and for its deterring power against such a war, the most important of these components is the striking force. It is made up of two large aircraft carriers, always including one of the *Forrestals* or one of the *Midways,* with about a hundred aircraft on each; three heavy cruisers, including one equipped to launch guided missiles; around twenty destroyers; and two submarines, which are useful mostly to provide targets for the fleet in anti-sub exercises. This is the force that is kept at peak readiness and packs the main punch. Its fighter and bomber planes, mostly fast jets, can deliver atomic bombs in abundance to targets as much as a thousand miles from the Mediterranean.

A Fighting Chance to Fight

The fleet needs maybe eight or ten hours to deliver its primary punch in full—an unrevealed number of atom bombs. If the force lasts even that long, it will have served its main purpose. And it should have a good chance to last that long. If it is not at sea at the zero hour, it will be dispersed in many ports. (Last November, when the fleet had an unusual ten-day breather, its ships were scattered among sixteen ports from Barcelona to Beirut.) If at sea it will be dispersed over hundreds of miles of water. Furthermore, if we assume all-out nuclear war at Russia's election, the top-priority targets will be airbases, major ports, and cities in the United States, and perhaps some airbases in Britain, Libya, and Morocco.

Surviving eight hours or so, the Sixth Fleet presumably would have a vastly improved chance to survive thereafter. SAC bombers and Sixth Fleet planes will have their damaging effect on Russia's power to mount bomber or missile offensives. After twenty-four hours, if still afloat, the Mediterranean Fleet should have a good chance to retire, replenish, and resume the offensive.

But even though the Sixth Fleet is fairly secure against ballistic missiles, how safe is it against Russia's five hundred submarines? And against

Russia's land-based aircraft? The full answers to these questions, of course, are in the realm of classified data. Furthermore, with all the data to be had, one doesn't know with certainty what the enemy might be able to bring to bear.

The Russians apparently have eighty to eighty-five submarines in the Black Sea. Very few are believed to have been in the Mediterranean in recent years, and those few were openly visiting Egyptian and other friendly ports. In peacetime, Soviet submarines are allowed to come out of the Black Sea through the Straits at the rate of only one a day and then only after long advance notice. In wartime none at all are permitted to pass through. The Turks can be relied on to enforce this bit of international law, the more so since submarines cannot go through the Straits without being detected. If detected, they could be dealt with easily in the narrow, shallow waters.

For the submarines that *do* get through, and for those that may come the long way from the Baltic or Arctic and enter the Mediterranean through Gibraltar, the Sixth Fleet has an interesting bag of tricks. Its land-based aircraft—P-2-V Neptunes—crammed full of anti-submarine gear conduct regular searches. All the combat ships of course have radar, and also radar-intercept (a means of detection and tracking by picking up the enemy's radar). Some planes have magnetic air-borne detection. The sonobuoy is an ingenious device let into the water to detect the sound of turning screws. Helicopters fitted with dipping sonar have worked well too. Hovering low over the water, they let down sonar gear for detecting subs. With the speed and range of a plane and the underwater sonar gear previously limited to ships, they can cover large areas of sea quickly and thoroughly.

Detection is the hard job. Once hostile submarines are found, there are conventional and atomic depth charges and homing torpedoes for the kill. Our anti-submarine equipment is vastly improved since the end of the Second World War. When the Russians have nuclear-powered subs operational, however, the problem will be tougher. And the Sixth Fleet will need the hunter-killer force for twelve months a year, not three as at present. It must be remembered, however, that the real undersea threat is to merchantmen on our Atlantic sea lanes, not to the much faster warships. It needs to be recalled also that the primary anti-submarine responsibility in the Mediterranean belongs to other NATO commands, not to the Sixth Fleet.

AGAINST the hazard of hostile land-based aircraft the fleet has various types of radar for detection, specially fitted radar picket destroyers, abundant anti-aircraft batteries on most ships, the combat air patrol of its own fighter planes, and the highly effective missiles of the *Canberra* or *Boston.* Guided-missile cruisers fire the Terrier, a fifteen-foot radar-controlled missile that can soar into the air, travel twenty miles on a course continuously plotted and replotted, and knock down an enemy plane. With a proximity fuze, it doesn't need to hit the target plane directly, although it often does. The carriers' jet fighter planes remain an important anti-aircraft defense, but they rely mainly on air-to-air missiles, the Sparrow and Sidewinder, rather than

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on rockets or guns—which they also have.

For better detection of hostile aircraft, the fleet has the support of a group of shore-based early-warning planes, working from such bases as Malta. These are Constellations, each fitted with six tons of special radar and other electronic gear. As with anti-submarine warfare, the job of keeping the Mediterranean clear of hostile aircraft is not a primary mission of the Sixth Fleet, whose anti-submarine and anti-aircraft operations are for its own security.

THE IMPRESSIVE striking power of the fleet is mainly for the first hours of an all-out war. What of the brushfires, large and small? Admiral Brown puts his main reliance for these diverse secondary contingencies on the amphibious force, currently made up of eleven ships. Their punch is centered in a reinforced Marine battalion, equipped and trained for amphibious landings and for all kinds of combat on land, up to and including tactical nuclear war.

In this force there is a command ship for the staff and communications, and there are two transports for the Marines, plus an amphibious cargo ship and a landing-ship dock, which settles down in shallow water and opens up to disgorge all sorts of smaller combat landing craft. There is a special LST carrying an underwater demolition team. Another LST, the *Alameda County,* is fitted with such equipment and personnel that it can run onto a beach and in a few hours convert a bare stretch of level ground into a fully operational forward airbase. Four minesweepers round out the amphibious force.

How much could eighteen hundred Marines do, given a civil war in Jordan, for example? What could they do in a clash between Israelis and Syrians? Given their superb equipment and support, these eighteen hundred Marines can be stretched a long way. In coastal areas, for example, they have precise gunfire support from three cruisers and twenty destroyers, making up what they lack in artillery firepower.

They also have, along the coasts and inland as well, close air support from carrier-based aircraft, especially the sturdy Douglas Skyraiders—planes that can fly slowly enough to work directly with ground forces. Over the years, naval aviation and Marines have perfected this ground-air teamwork with a precision and effectiveness the Army and Air Force have never approached. This is a telling combination in almost any sort of brushfire. When beach landings are not in order, the Marines can be moved inland directly from the ships by helicopters, as was demonstrated to everybody's satisfaction in Operation DEEPWATER in Turkish Thrace last year. Beyond this, the Marine battalion has its own atomic capability, plus the kind of training in nuclear warfare that would enable it to work closely and yet safely with carrier-based planes employing *their* own atomic bombs.

Prescription for Expansion

The service force needs little mention—and usually gets none at all. This is composed of a refrigerator ship, three stores ships, an ammunition ship, four tankers, and two destroyer tenders (floating repair shops). The function of this force is to free the Sixth Fleet from any logistical dependence on shore bases other than Norfolk, Virginia. This means freedom from political involvements. No matter what somersaults the Italians or Greeks or French may make, no matter what happens among the Arab states of North Africa, and no matter what friendly ground is lost to an enemy in the first hours of an invasion, the Sixth Fleet need not trust to the amiability of any government or people on the perimeter of the Mediterranean. The new naval base being built at Rota, in southern Spain, does not change matters. It will provide a base for some land-based naval aircraft, and an unloading point for petroleum destined for our Air Force bases in Spain. But the fleet will still be based on Norfolk.

It is very much to be desired that the present NATO stalemate can be broken and that there will be a unified NATO command in the Mediterranean to which the Sixth Fleet can be added easily and often. Until such time, and despite the talk of "consultation" at the Paris Conference in December, it is still an asset to have a powerful, flexible air-sea-ground force in readiness in the most troubled of the world's theaters of possible war, in a status that allows its use solely as an arm of United States policy.

All this adds up to a military unit of remarkable flexibility, capable of fighting on the sea, under the sea, in the air, and on land, blanketing the whole Mediterranean area. The security of the fleet, meaning its capacity to defend itself, is probably not quite on a par with its offensive striking power. This could be largely corrected, and perhaps should be, by year-round inclusion of the hunter-killer squadron. The fleet's capability for quick, decisive intervention in sizable commotions in the Middle East has to be rated somewhat lower. Appraising the mathematical odds of a serious brushfire as against a nuclear Armageddon, I would recommend adding a thousand Marines and the necessary amphibious ships, landing craft, gear, and helicopters—even if Neil McElroy's budget required that this increase be compensated for by some cutback in the strength of the attack-carrier striking force.

Actually, however, this is not a budgetary matter. It's rather a question of whether to keep more forces in the Mediterranean and fewer in home waters. If it is worthwhile to keep fifty ships and twenty-five thousand men in the Mediterranean, it probably would be worthwhile to keep fifty-five ships and 26,500 men.

AFTER ALL is said that can be said for the forces and tools of intervention and pint-sized wars, however, there remains the inescapable fact that the Sixth Fleet exists in the Mediterranean as an arm of U.S. strategy. For the unlikely but supremely critical task of nuclear reprisal, the Sixth Fleet is as completely in readiness as a force of twenty-five thousand men can be without snapping under the strain of continuous full alert. As long as the strategic and diplomatic balance or imbalance with Russia remains as precarious as it is now, the Sixth Fleet will have to be primarily a weapon of swift, precise, heavy striking power. That is the reason why Cat Brown's symphony orchestra may not always perform at its very best in the pianissimo passages.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pennsylvania Avenue Gets Longer and Longer

ROBERT BENDINER

WASHINGTON

CONGRESSIONAL reactions to the President's legislative program appear to have merged into a mass frustration that now hangs over the Capitol like a cloud, enveloping modern Republicans, old-time Republicans, and Democrats alike in a fine nonpartisan mood of depression. An administration that has always set store by public relations has managed to alienate just about every bloc in Congress but the chaplains, and has done so less from any discernible conviction than out of a chilly remoteness from life on Capitol Hill.

Liaison between President and Congress, using the term in its broadest sense, has been a tricky and variable aspect of the American scheme from the start, but now, at the opening of a session whose bywords are "urgency," "national peril," and "bipartisanship," the bridge is flimsier than it has been since the Coolidge administration. The difference is that Congress was quite content with separation in the days of Coolidge. Today its feeling about Presidential remoteness ranges from irritation to alarm; and the sources of this feeling range from narrow politics to genuine concern for the defense of the nation. In the President's various messages of state there is election-year trouble for practically every segment of his own party, and a corresponding resentment over the failure of the White House in any way to take Congressional sensibilities into account.

Friends Become Critics

Among the Western contingent, for example, there is quiet fury over the administration's casual decision not to authorize any new water or reclamation projects in an election year. Senate Minority Leader William F. Knowland, running for governor in the politically crucial state of California, where water is a life-or-death issue, circumspectly warns the President that "there has historically been a great deal of interest in Congress in the field of reclamation." But Joe Martin, the House minority leader, is more explicit. "Congress," he says, "likes to spend money for its own individual projects." What is noteworthy about the exchange is that the advice of the two men was not asked ahead of time or, even more revealing, that the administration needed to be told at all. Senator Thomas H. Kuchel, also from California and much more an administration "regular" than Knowland, brusquely promises to push a major water project through the

Senate in spite of the President, and even in the face of an implied veto. And Nevada's Senator George W. Malone, running for re-election, has announced bluntly: "We've been building reclamation projects for fifty-five years. No one is going to pay a damn bit of attention to the budget. We're going to continue to build the projects."

Moving eastward, the rebellion picked up steam with the administration's request to lower farm-price supports on major crops. Republican Senator Edward J. Thye, up for re-election in Minnesota, immediately denounced the proposal almost as severely as his Democratic colleague, Hubert Humphrey. Milton R. Young, a North Dakota Republican of the Right, has been equally vehement, and Vermont's George D. Aiken, an Eisenhower stalwart who usually introduces the administration's farm bills, will have no part of this one. In fact, the administration had to reach down to the fourth-ranking Republican on the Senate Agriculture Committee to find someone willing to introduce the measure.

Aiken, who was not even extended the courtesy of an advance look at the President's farm message though he has worked right along with Secretary of Agriculture Benson in evolving the administration's farm policy, has been converted from champion to critic. Not only is he up in arms against the proposed lowering of price supports, especially on dairy products; he is also bitter at the President's suggestion that the interest on Rural Electrification Administration loans should be raised, with the inference that rural co-operatives should "go to Wall Street for money." In the general onslaught, needless to say, unhappy farm-state Republicans have been joined by Democrats, especially from the South and West.

The air of resentment is no less thick in the offices of Eastern Republicans, including those who were for Eisenhower from the start. Repeatedly I was given to understand that senators like Ives of New York, Case of New Jersey, and Purtell and Bush of Connecticut had been given no advance warning that the swollen Defense budget was to be a screen behind which Federal welfare programs would be drastically cut just as the recession was beginning to gather momentum. An administrative assistant, describing the group's relations with the President, said dryly, "There is no reason to believe that the so-called Eisenhower Senators have been singled out for special attention."

OLD GUARD Republicans who might be expected to rejoice in the administration's threat to such New Dealish programs as aid to the aged, slum clearance, and Federal grants for school construction are actually no happier than their "modern" col-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

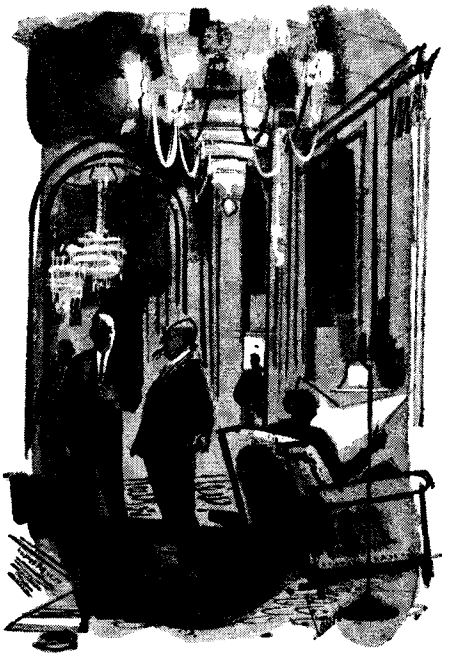
leagues. Some of them are sour on the farm program, others are worried about water projects, and practically all are repelled by the President's emphasis on reciprocal trade and foreign aid.

Such are the exigencies of politics, moreover, that even slum clearance has found defenders on the Right. When Norris Poulson was in Congress, he voted zealously against every bill for that purpose, but now he is mayor of Los Angeles and times have changed. Poulson came East recently to surprise his old colleagues by testifying ardently in favor of Federal funds for urban renewal. His Honor and many of his fellow Republicans representing urban areas in Congress could have advised the President, if they had been asked, that to oppose social legislation before it is enacted is one thing, but to try undoing it years later is something else again. As Poulson pointed out, moreover, to expect rurally controlled state legislatures to assume full responsibility for the plight of the cities is the stuff of dreams. As one Republican commented anonymously, "I don't see a single thing in this budget that's going to help Republicans get elected."

The Democrats Are Worried

Having disaffected large segments of their own party, the President's advisers might well have been moved to woo the opposition in Congress to make up for it. After all, Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson had launched the session with pious invocations to bipartisanship, and the administration could surely have used some of it. It was precisely at this moment, however, that Sherman Adams chose to indict the Democratic Party for the lag in American missile production, Pearl Harbor, the Chinese Revolution, and the war in Korea, overlooking in his zeal only the assassination of Lincoln.

Johnson's line is to ignore the strange Adams approach to political coexistence in a time of troubles. He takes the lofty position that national defense comes first, that only the President can implement that defense, and that if, for lack of co-operation between President and Congress, the country is allowed to slip toward catastrophe, it won't do the



Democrats much good to win in 1958 or 1960 or any other year. But Speaker Sam Rayburn, taking the shorter view, has pointedly chided the administration for alienating Democratic House votes that it will obviously need if it is serious about things like foreign aid.

Privately, responsible Democrats are more worried by the lack of national leadership than they are elated by the obvious political advantages the administration's program has given them. They are less outraged, too, by the Adams performance than some of the Eisenhower Republicans. Although the latter, understandably, don't care to be quoted, I am told that in the cloakrooms they contribute perhaps more than their share toward making Adams "one of the most thoroughly cussed-out individuals in Washington." The unpopularity of the President's first assistant is not attributed to his occasional waspish outbursts—on this score he is mildly referred to as "the Harry Truman of the Republican Party"—but rather to the fact that he is the greatest single obstacle to an effective relationship between the President and his would-be followers on the Hill.

Adams controls what information gets into the White House and Jim Hagerty what information comes out. Through their joint efforts the President has become almost completely isolated. Once a week he sees the top Republican leaders of each House, but the meetings are formal, with White House aides sitting in, and notes are kept of the proceedings. All this is in sharp contrast to the wholly personal, private, and unrecorded sessions at which Roosevelt and Truman used to get down to cases with their party's leaders.

Of course, President Eisenhower's remoteness is in part the result of necessary concern for his health—for obvious reasons he soon had to abandon his "Congressional breakfasts" and other forms of fraternizing. But in large measure remoteness fits in with his own concept of the Presidency. His naïve literal interpretation of the separation of powers allows him freely to pass responsibility to Congress, and military habit has firmly fixed in him the determination to operate only through a chain of command.

As a result, the casual forms of liaison, developed by his predecessors and all the more effective for their informality, have practically disappeared. There is no Leslie Biffle sitting in the office of the Senate Secretary with an open wire to the White House, no surprise Presidential visits to Capitol restaurants for a quick lunch with old friends, and extremely few Presidential telephone calls to key legislators to solicit advice or map a joint course. Congressmen no longer stream in and out of the White House as they did in the two preceding administrations. It is still possible to get an appointment, of course, but for Congressmen below the top rank the President is almost as far removed as the Dalai Lama.

Platitudes and Caution

More important, the White House envoys to the Capitol are not the significant figures they once were. General Wilton B. Persons, the President's Deputy Assistant in charge of liaison with Congress, is well regarded on both sides of the aisle as an amiable and friendly man, a "pain reliever," as one Senator described him. But Congressmen have none of the sense of authority that they got from Truman's negotiators on the Hill. Conservatives found it helpful in the Truman era to get the ear of John Steelman, while Charles Murphy played the same role for the Fair Dealers. Both were open to

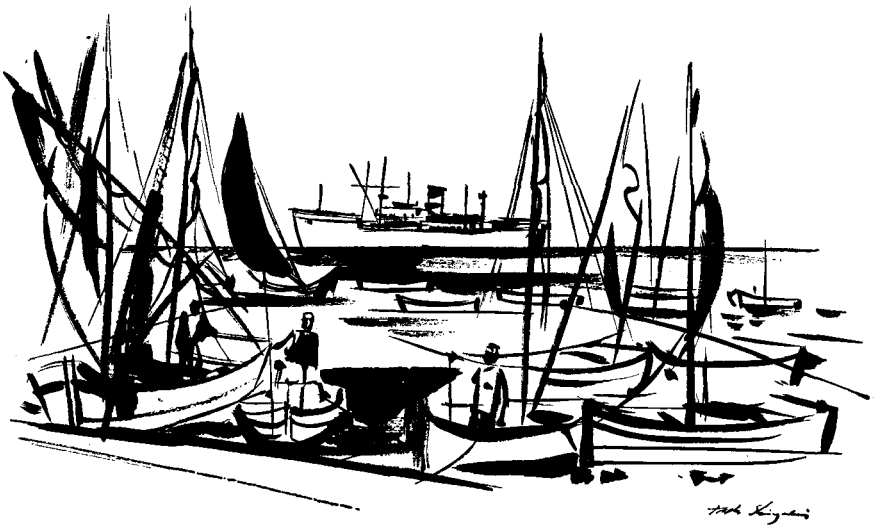
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ideas and able to see that they got to the President. Moreover, Congressmen today do not get the imaginative spur and illumination that Roosevelt once provided through legislative and policy experts, especially in the early days of the New Deal. In fact, the activities of General Persons are hardly even a substitute for the informal liaison carried on a year or so ago by men like William P. Rogers and Fred Seaton, both of whom are now in the Cabinet.

Persons has diplomatic assistance from Homer Gruenther and, farther down the line, from I. Jack Martin (who was Senator Taft's assistant), Jack Anderson, Bryce Harlow, and others, but the functions of the entire group have little or nothing to do with policy. They are an adaptation of the Army liaison system, with which Persons was previously connected, and are almost wholly concerned with service to constituents and the smoothing of ruffled feathers. Neither Roosevelt nor Truman had any such service and scorned to set one up.

The White House staff is remarkably tight-lipped, as any Washington correspondent will testify, and, because of Adams's reluctance to delegate authority, of limited usefulness as a channel of communication. The emphasis is on caution, and any talk by White House aides tends toward such airy banalities that it is hard even to detect an awareness on the part of the administration that it now has problems with its own party in Congress, much less that Mr. Adams may have said anything to upset the more sensitive Democrats.

BEYOND the mechanics of liaison, haphazard almost by Constitutional design, the growing gap between Capitol and White House is clearly a reflection of the growing weakness of the Presidency. A Chief Executive who repeatedly backs away from his own proposals can hardly persuade his Congressional supporters, whatever the liaison system may be, that he has any program at all, certainly not one they should do battle for. A staff member of the Democratic Policy Committee summed it up for me quite simply: "It's not really a structural problem at all; it's just a question of the man at the top."



Indonesia: The Dutch Depart, The Communists Dig In

DENIS WARNER

JAKARTA

THE MONSOON CLOUDS lay heavy over the city. *Betjah* drivers hunched against the rain as they splashed their fares through the crowded streets, and the storm drains ran overflowing into the canals that for more than three centuries have given the Dutch a sense of being at home and the Indonesians a place in which to perform all manner of toilet functions. Dutch families packed and unpacked three times as Indonesian government officials changed and rechanged their minds about permitting the chartered plane to take off from Kemajoran, the gloomiest and drabbest airport in Southeast Asia.

By the time four long hours of unfriendly Indonesian formalities had ended with the ultimate humiliation, a personal search, the pseudo gaiety that departing mothers had put on for fathers who were remaining behind and the excitement of children going off on an adventure had all worn off. The scene now was as depressing as the weather: only the officials, it seemed, had found some satisfaction in pawing and probing through private possessions, which gave them their final chance to be beastly to the Dutch.

Anyone who has worked for any length of time in Indonesia knows the danger of oversimplification. And though being beastly to the Dutch no doubt had its part in the actions of the airport officials, it was revealing a few days later to watch the treatment accorded to the former third secretary of the Indonesian embassy at The Hague and his wife when they landed at Jakarta and met the official airport staff. All the indignities the Dutch had suffered were repeated for the Indonesian couple.

IN A SEARCH that lasted for two hours and so tied up the bureaucratic machinery that outgoing planes for Singapore and Darwin could not be cleared, the two Indonesians saw every article in their bags minutely inspected and held up for semi-public gaze. "What's the matter?" I asked a friendly official. "Have they been recalled in disgrace?" "Oh, no, nothing like that," he replied in a tone that indicated he was shocked by my suggestion. "But these days we can't be too careful." "Careful of what?" But the official

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

merely shrugged his shoulders. Clearly, if I didn't know there were reasons enough to be suspicious of everyone I was wasting his time.

Who Gets West Irian?

On almost any issue, the diverse peoples of Indonesia are both suspicious and in disagreement. Region is against region, Sumatra against Java, and Java against the rest. President Sukarno, who is for a coalition cabinet including the Communists, is against Dr. Mohammed Hatta, who wants a Communist-free "business" cabinet with assured authority and a long term of office. Major General A. H. Nasution, the army chief of staff, is against the dissident colonels—who are against each other. The Nationalist Party and the two Moslem political groups, the Masjumi and the Nahdatul Ulama (N.U.), as long ago as 1955 realized that divided they would fall to the Communists. Today in Java the Communists command a million and a half votes more than either the Nationalists or the N.U., and three million more than the Masjumi; and still there is no sign of anti-Communist or even non-Communist unity. National councils, national reconstruction conferences, committees of seven, and committees of nine all meet, produce cliché-filled communiqués, and go their separate ways.

On one thing, however, there is unanimity: the right of Indonesians to West Irian (Netherlands New Guinea), which lies just east of Indonesia and which is still held by the Dutch forces. While the Masjumi leaders deplore the methods that have sent the Dutch scurrying back to Holland and brought hunger, poverty, and economic stagnation to an archipelago whose known resources are exceeded only by those of the Soviet Union and the United States, they nevertheless feel deeply that West Irian is Indonesia's. Dr. Hatta is prepared publicly to sink his other differences with President Sukarno in the cause of this common struggle. And the semi-autonomous military commands in Sumatra, while cracking down on left-wing unions and remaining bitterly hostile to almost all directives originating in Jakarta, are in sufficient rapport on West Irian to obey, without question, General Nasution's orders for a general military take-over of Dutch property.

Indonesia bases its argument on the Linggadjati Agreement of 1946 and on the round-table conference in The Hague in November, 1949, when, after the Dutch had unexpectedly insisted on the retention of western New Guinea, all parties agreed that "the status quo of the residency of New Guinea shall be maintained with the stipulation that within a year from the date of transfer of sovereignty to the Republic of the United States of Indonesia the question of the political status of New Guinea be determined through negotiations between the Republic of the United States of Indonesia and the Kingdom of the Netherlands."

Right from the beginning, Indonesians have doubted the good faith of the Dutch agreement to negotiate. Within a month after the new nation achieved sovereignty in 1950, the adventurer "Turk" Westerling began to make trouble with his "Army of the Heavenly Host," made up of former KNIL (Royal Netherlands Indies Army) soldiers. To many Indonesians, Westerling's capture of Bandung on the island of Java just a few miles from Jakarta and his subsequent escape to Singapore in a Dutch plane bore a definite relationship to numerous semi-public indiscretions by responsible Dutch officials, who seem to believe even now that some day they will all be invited back to take over the government and sort out the mess. West Irian has thus become more than disputed territory. To some it is a political, even a military, threat. To President Sukarno it is even more—it is a personal issue in which his standing as a leader is at stake. Finally, to the Communists it is made to order to capture ultranationalistic Indonesian sentiment.

BEFORE the seizure of Dutch property began on December 5, it was demonstrable fact that the $1.5-billion Dutch holdings in Indonesia dominated the country's economy, produced three-fifths of all foreign-exchange earnings, and nearly all quality exports.

Almost any Indonesian who knew anything understood that the slow-growing national shipping line, Pelajaran Nasional Indonesia (Pelni), with its thirty-five small coasters, did not really compete with the 105 craft run by the Netherlands line, KPM. Despite official encouragement of the infant national banking system, it was also public knowledge that the four Dutch trading banks—the Nationale Handelsbank, the Escomptobank, the Nationale Trustmaatschappij, and the Nederlandsche Handel-Maatschappij—handled the bulk of the country's business, including eighty per cent of its foreign exchange.

When the Communists protested, therefore, that despite Indonesia's "independence" the Dutch still had an economic strangle hold, they found plenty of listeners. Dr. Sjafruddin Prawiranegara, a leading member of the anti-Communist Moslem Masjumi Party, has recently been dismissed as governor of the Bank Indonesie for protesting against the irresponsibility of the seizures, but even he did not oppose the principle of nationalization.

Moderation Breaks Down

For years Sukarno argued for direct action against the Dutch in Indonesia. But even amid the ineptitude and corruption of the Ali Sastroamidjojo cabinets, when Indonesia's administrative authority reached its lowest point, moderation prevailed against the President's view.

By the middle of last year, however, it was obvious that the snowballing Irian campaign was moving beyond moderate control, though Washington, The Hague, and Canberra seemed cheerfully unaware of it. Reports from American Ambassador John Allison and his Australian counterpart J. L. McIntyre apparently failed to inspire their governments with any sense of urgency. (The Australians control the other half of the island of New Guinea.) The State Department did tentatively sound out the Dutch and Australians with a proposal for a four-party agreement on Irian that would have given the Australians the firm military assurances they have so often sought and the Dutch the assured protection of their investments. But The Hague and Canberra turned thumbs down. Instead, they proceeded with their own studies that resulted, on the eve of the U.N. General Assembly debate on

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Irian, in a joint declaration implicitly expressing the two governments' intention of working, independently of Indonesia, toward the ultimate creation of a self-governing state of New Guinea.

Reaction in Jakarta to this apparent "ganging up" by the Netherlands and Australia was predictably adverse. Australian troops were said to be in Dutch New Guinea, and the billboards in Jakarta and other main centers showing Dutch ships, planes, and tanks all aimed at Indonesia from Irian acquired an added emotional impact. What had once been intended as pure propaganda now seemed to the Indonesians to contain elements of fact.

With some assistance from the Red-tinged Jakarta army command, the Communist Party took the next step. Armed with ladders, drums of crankcase oil, and cans of paint, groups of men in trucks went through the city at night, daubing "Dutch Get Out" slogans across the front of Dutch banks and business houses in the thickly populated Glodok area. They missed nothing that was Dutch along the murky canals in Jakarta's shopping centers. They had every Dutch family listed from the modern suburb at Kebajoran Bahru to the ill-ventilated whitewashed and gabled homes in the old parts of the city. Though Indonesians, Dutch, British, and Americans live side by side, the painters and daubers made few errors.

Wildfire and Fire Exits

Thus was the scene set when the moderately worded Indonesian resolution calling for negotiations failed to secure the necessary two-thirds majority in the U.N. General Assembly. With all Dutch-owned concerns and all Dutch homes clearly identified, the government's call for a twenty-four-hour strike against the Dutch in Indonesia and its decision to close down the Jakarta terminal of KLM, the Netherlands airline, automatically began the chain reaction that is now sending the Dutch in Indonesia to the fire exits. Certainly the Communists through SOBSI, the Central Organization of Indonesian Labor, did what they could to help. But it is an oversimplification to suggest that the move, which began in Java and ran like wildfire through the entire archipelago, was wholly Communist. The Communists merely got things started; unions representing all shades of political opinion did the rest.

In the highly emotional first week of December when the Dutch were subjected to bitter humiliations but little violence, irresponsible ministerial statements that all Dutch should leave the country as soon as possible fanned the flames of nationalism. By the middle of the month, however, the government became mindful of adverse world reaction and conscious of the fact that by cutting off the stream of revenue and foreign exchange that flows from the export of rubber, tin, copra, and oil, it was also cutting off its own lifeblood. It attempted, within the very narrow limits of its own authority, to moderate its attitude. It was not now a question of all Dutch going but only the "unemployed" and "replaceable." Dutch interests had not been "nationalized" but merely "taken over" by the Indonesian Army for their "protection." They "could be returned" when the Irian question was settled.

This strange confusion of face saving, propaganda, and blackmail did not alter the fundamental fact that in Java at least, and probably elsewhere in Indonesia too, the Dutch were finished. A powerful government might have been able to turn the tide if it had wished, but Premier Djuanda's cabinet had neither the inclination nor the power.

Djuanda, in fact, sought to terminate his own part in the catastrophe by resigning, in the hope that this would force Hatta's reluctant hand and, by bringing him into the government, restore some desperately needed unity. But President Sukarno, though shocked by an attempt on his life and the discovery that he was not in all places and to all people the beloved "Bung" (comrade or brother) Karno of the revolution, still toyed with the idea of a coalition in which his friends the Communists would participate.

Looking haggard and drawn and clearly neither "gay" nor "happy," as he described himself, Sukarno spoke briefly to correspondents to deny reports from The Hague that he had been ousted by a Hatta-Nasution-Djuanda triumvirate. Like so many other stories originating in The Hague, the wish was father to the thought. Hatta is too correct, too conventional, too formal to lead a *coup d'état,* even a bloodless one. Nasution, whose strength lies in his association with Sukarno, has no following in the army or elsewhere. And Djuanda has proved himself the weakest of reeds.

By promoting the President's "health" trip abroad, Djuanda hoped, as an alternative to a government including Hatta, to remove some of the heat from the Jakarta scene. Nearly a hundred arrests, including some hapless Dutch and the nephew of Mohammed Natsir, the Masjumi leader, had failed to turn up even a clue about the attempted assassination. And the city buzzed with so many rumors of other attempts in the making that even the heavily reinforced palace guard and the clearing of the streets before the President moved could not assure his safety.

SUKARNO's trip abroad can only delay, not avert, the crisis. Even the most vehement of Sukarno's critics

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have no clear idea of what comes next. They scoff at his concept of leadership, at his vain boast that he is modeling himself on Nasser, Mao Tse-tung, Gandhi, and Nehru. They accuse him of being shallow and lazy. And they spread the sort of stories about his private life that one used to hear about Farouk in Cairo and Bao Dai in Saigon.

For better or worse, and mostly for worse, however, Sukarno is still the only national leader in Indonesia. Dr. Hatta has a following, but it is primarily Sumatran. The other moderates, who have been sitting on the sidelines, appreciate the urgency of the current situation and the need for action, but there is no one among them with sufficient determination or capacity to take over.

God and Marx in Java

In the meantime, and despite the numerous reports and speculations to the contrary, the Communists seem in no hurry. For years their methods have been patient, efficient, and clearly long range. The predictions, therefore, that they are on the point of seizing power in Jakarta ignore their carefully patterned policy. If immediate assumption of authority had been their objective, they could have taken over the administration of most towns and villages in eastern and central Java after the regional elections last year. But quite deliberately they chose to throw their support behind "front" leaders.

Again, if one assumes that the Communists intend to secure control of all Indonesia and not merely that of populous (fifty-two million) Java, which in 1956 consumed seventy-one per cent of the country's imports and was responsible for only seventeen per cent of its exports, it would surely be unwise of them, by a direct and premature act, to prejudice the ultimate acquisition of rich Sumatra (twenty-one per cent of total imports, seventy per cent of exports), where Communist influence among the nine million population is still in its infancy.

Nowhere in Southeast Asia have the Communists been more methodical, more painstaking. They learned their lesson in the premature and disastrous uprising at Madium in 1948, and they have risked nothing by untimely opportunism since that time.

With what was left of their original membership of five thousand, they abandoned their attempts to win Indonesia by revolution at the top and concentrated on the villages. Their first target was the Javanese ethnic minority of about thirty-five million. How they succeeded here is told by the figures for the regional election (Communists 6.5 million, N.U. five million, Nationalists five million, and Masjumi 3.25 million).

The story of this success is a case study in political sagacity and efficient organization. To the Javanese kampong dwellers, Communism is not so much an economic doctrine as a means of expressing nationalistic fervor, a stimulant for emotions that found in independence only a depressing hangover from the revolution.

Except in the Darul Islam areas of west Java, where a long-haired fanatic named Kartosuwirjo wages his war for the creation of an Islamic state, the Moslem religion in Java offers little real opposition to Communism. It rests lightly on top of earlier beliefs, including animism, Hinduism, and Buddhism, all of which continue to play a part in Javanese village life. Just as an Indonesian peasant can reconcile some animistic superstition with Islam, so he sees no con-

tradiction in accepting the little he understands of Communist principles. Nor is this surprising, since the Communists have been clever enough to shape their ideology to suit the local scene, purporting even to accept the five principles of Pantja Sila, including belief in God, on which the Republic is based.

In almost every village in east and central Java, where their strength today is greatest, the Communists have found that they can divide the people into roughly two groups: the older section that generally tends toward the narrow beliefs of the Nahdatul Ulama, which is the more conservative; and the younger, less dogmatic, and more pliable section that once followed either the Masjumi or the Nationalists and now welcomes change.

It was this younger group that the Communists set out to capture. They did not seek to fill empty bellies but empty minds and hearts. They used full-time cadres, had apparently unlimited money to spend (much of which, non-Communist Indonesian leaders openly charge, comes from the Chinese and Soviet embassies), took command of the kampong guards, organized popular demonstrations on such isues as the Irian campaign, organized immensely popular *wayang* (shadow) shows, in which a couple of hours of entertainment could be pleasantly coupled with half an hour of indoctrination. Thus, in the space of a few years, they came to dominate the social life of the forty-five million villagers living in Java.

THIS VILLAGE activity complemented their work on the industrial front. As early as 1945, Communist leaders moved into administrative control of SOBSI. But, as they discovered in their ill-judged revolt at Madium, the vanguard policy could not succeed if the rank and file was not conditioned to follow.

SOBSI and its principal subsidiary, the plantation workers' union, went to work in the ports, in the sugar, tea, coffee, rubber, and quinine plantations. Today there is no question about the loyalty to their Communist leadership of most of SOBSI's two and a half million members. From their base in the villages and among the working masses in Java, the Communists have moved outward. The army and the police both live close to the people in the villages, and the Communist influence in these two forces may be taken in proportion to the popular vote: 30 per cent in east Java, 38.5 per cent in central Java, and 26.6 per cent in west Java.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The struggle for the hearts and minds of the thirty million people in the outer islands will present problems, such as the absence of organized labor and pockets of devout Moslems and Christians, that did not exist in Java. But it would be naïve to assume that the Communists' highly successful tactics cannot be exported. Even in Sumatra the dissident army commanders differ violently among themselves, and their individual warlordism is no substitute for effective government.

The economic effects of the seizure of Dutch holdings in Indonesia will probably turn out to be less calamitous economically than many western observers here have predicted. True, exports have already declined sharply; and despite the charter contract for Japanese shipping, Indonesia's trading position and capacity must deteriorate. Food is scarce in many places, and rice soared in December to a high of more than eleven rupiahs a kilogram (about forty cents at the prevailing exchange rate), compared with less than five rupiahs at the end of October. These problems will become more acute, especially in central Java and in deficit-production areas in the Moluccas and elsewhere in eastern Indonesia. But the country got by in 1941 and again in 1945, when the Japanese had consumed all edible stockpiles; it will undoubtedly get by again.

AT THE SAME TIME, one cannot ignore the fact that the Communists, who in the past have been exploiting the lack of effective state administration, will now have hunger and genuine economic hardship on their side, too. Time must surely be with them. The Irian issue has certainly not been solved by throwing the Dutch out of Indonesia.

With most of the West lined up with the Dutch, and with Russia and Communist China firmly behind the Indonesians (Chou En-lai has already indicated that China is anxious to "help"), the Communist cause in Indonesia, both on the national and the international level, can scarcely fail to prosper. Java could be Communist today, and all of Indonesia might follow tomorrow. In all Asia there is no more tragic example of independence inadequately prepared for and unwisely led.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

A Fire at Sea

A newly translated reminiscence of the author's youth

IVAN TURGENEV

IT HAPPENED in May, 1838. With a great many other passengers I was on board the steamer *Nicholas I,* plying between St. Petersburg and Lübeck. Since the railways could hardly be said to exist at that time, all travelers chose to go by sea. For this reason many of them took their own carriages with them to continue their journey in Germany, France, and so on.

As far as I can remember, we had twenty-eight carriages on our ship. There were about two hundred and eighty passengers on board, including some twenty children.

I was very young then and, being a good sailor, was very much taken up with all the new impressions. There were several ladies on board, quite remarkably beautiful or good-looking, most of them, alas, now dead.

This was the first time my mother had allowed me to travel alone, and I had to promise her to behave myself and, above all, not to touch cards. . . . And it was precisely that promise that was to be broken first of all.

THAT EVENING the main saloon was crowded with people, among whom there were several well-known St. Petersburg gamblers. They played faro every evening, and the ringing of gold, which was to be seen much more frequently in those days than now, was quite deafening.

One of these gentlemen, seeing that I kept myself to myself and not knowing the reason for it, asked me quite unexpectedly to join his game. When, with the naïveté of my nineteen years, I explained to him why I abstained, he burst out laughing and, turning to his friends, exclaimed that he had discovered a real treasure—a young man who had never touched cards and who, as a result, was quite certain to have the most fabulous, most unheard-of luck, real beginner's luck!

I don't know how it happened, but ten minutes later I was sitting at the card table engrossed in the game and with my hands full of cards and playing, playing recklessly.

And I must confess the old saw turned out to be quite right: money flowed towards me in streams; two small heaps of gold rose on the table at either side of my trembling, perspiring hands. The gambler who had inveigled me into the game kept encouraging me and egging me on. . . . To tell the truth, I was beginning to think that I'd leave the table a rich man!

Suddenly the door of the saloon was flung wide open and a lady, looking beside herself, burst in, screamed in a strangled voice "Fire!," and collapsed in a dead faint on the sofa. This produced a most violent commotion. No one remained in his place. Gold, silver, banknotes rolled and scattered in all directions, and we all made a dash for the door. How was it that we had not noticed before this the smoke that was already filling the saloon? I simply cannot understand it. The companionway was full of it. Here and there a deep red glow, as of burning coal, flared up. In a twinkling everyone was on the deck. Two great pillars of smoke, through which tongues of flame flickered, rose on either side of the funnel and along the masts.

BEDLAM broke loose and from then on it never ceased. The pandemonium was quite unbelievable. One felt that the desperate instinct of self-preservation had seized upon

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

each of those human beings and not least upon me. I remember grasping a sailor by the arm and promising him ten thousand rubles in my mother's name if he succeeded in saving me. The sailor, who quite naturally could not take these words seriously, freed himself from my hold; and, indeed, I did not insist, realizing that there was no sense in what I was saying. Still, there was even less sense in what I saw around me. It is quite true that nothing can compare with the tragedy of a shipwreck or a fire at sea except its comedy. For instance, a rich landowner, seized with panic, was crawling on the deck, prostrating himself frantically; but when the water, which was being poured in vast quantities into the coal holds, for a moment allayed the fury of the flames, he drew himself up to his full height and shouted in a voice of thunder: "Men of little faith, did you really think that our God, our Russian God, would forsake us?" But that very instant, the flames leapt higher and the poor man of much faith again began crawling on all fours and prostrating himself. An army general with a sullenly forlorn look kept shouting: "We must send a courier to the Emperor! When there was a mutiny in the military settlements a courier was sent to him. I was there, I was there myself, and this saved at least some of us!" Another gentleman with an umbrella in his hands began jabbing ferociously at a cheap oil portrait tied to its easel which stood near him among the baggage. With the tip of his umbrella he pierced five holes in it: through the eyes, nose, mouth, and ears. This act of destruction he accompanied with the exclamation: "What's the use of all this now?" And the picture did not even belong to him! A fat man who looked like a German brewer did not stop wailing in a lachrymose voice, tears rolling down his cheeks: "Captain! Captain!" And when the captain, his patience at an end, seized him by the scruff of the neck and shouted at him, "Well? I am the captain! What do you want?," the fat man looked abjectly at him and again began moaning: "Captain!"

And yet it was this captain to whom we all owed our lives. First, because he altered our course at the last moment when it was still possible to get to the engine room. If our ship had gone straight to Lübeck instead of turning sharply toward the shore, she would most certainly have burnt out before reaching harbor. Secondly, because he ordered the sailors to draw their dirks and show no mercy to anyone who attempted to go near one of the two remaining lifeboats—the others had all capsized as a result of the inexperience of the passengers who had tried to lower them into the sea.

THE SAILORS, mostly Danes, with their cold, energetic faces, the blades of their knives reflecting the flames with an almost bloodstained glint, inspired instinctive terror. There was a fairly strong squall, which grew still stronger from the

fire which roared in a good third of the ship. I must confess, however my own sex may resent it, that the women showed more courage on this occasion than the men. Deathly pale, the night found them in their beds (instead of clothes only blankets were thrown over them), and however great an unbeliever I already was then, they seemed to me like angels who had come down from heaven to shake us and give us more courage.

But there were men, too, who showed themselves to be without fear. I remember in particular a certain Mr. D——, our former Russian ambassador in Copenhagen: he had taken off his boots, cravat, and coat, which he tied by the sleeves over his chest, and sitting astride a thick, taut hawser and swinging his legs, he calmly smoked his cigar and looked at us each in turn with an air of ironic pity. As for myself, I took refuge on an outside ladder and sat down on one of its lower rungs. I looked horror-struck at the ruddy foam that boiled and bubbled beneath me and sent spray up to my face. I kept saying to myself: "So that's where I shall have to die at the age of nineteen!" For I had firmly made up my mind to drown rather than be roasted alive. The flames rose in an arch above me and I could clearly distinguish their howl from the roar of the waves.

Not far from me on the same ladder sat a little old woman, probably the cook of one of the families traveling to Europe. Hiding her head in her hands, she was whispering prayers. Suddenly she looked up at me, and whether it was that she read some sinister resolution in my face or for some other reason, she seized my arm and said with great emphasis in an imploring voice: "No, sir, none of us is free to do with his life as he likes, and you least of all. As God wills, so it will be. Why, it would mean taking your own life, and you'd be punished for that in the next world."

Till that moment the idea of committing suicide had never occurred to me, but now because of some desire to show off, which was quite inexplicable in a man in my position, I once or twice pretended to be on the point of carrying out the intention she attributed to me, and each time the poor old woman rushed up to me to prevent what she regarded as a crime. At last I felt ashamed and stopped. Indeed, why indulge in silly histrionics in the presence of death which I thought to be imminent and inevitable at that moment? I had no time to account for my strange feelings or to admire the poor woman's absence of egoism (which today would be called altruism), for at that instant the roar of the flames over our heads redoubled in fury. But at the very moment too, a voice ringing like brass (it was the voice of the man who saved us) resounded above us: "What are you doing down there, you poor wretches? You will be done for. Follow me!" And instantly, with no idea who was calling or where we had to go, the old woman and I leapt to our feet, as though propelled by a spring, and rushed through the smoke after a sailor in a blue tunic who was climbing up a rope ladder in front of us. Not knowing why, I too climbed the ladder behind him; I can't help thinking that if at that moment he had thrown himself into the water or had done anything else, however extraordinary, I should have followed him blindly. Having climbed up two or three rungs, the sailor jumped heavily down on to

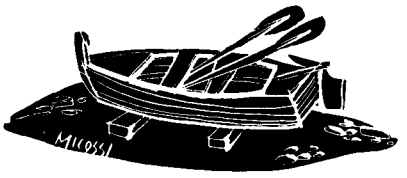
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the roof of one of the carriages, the lower part of which was already in flames. I jumped after him and heard the old woman jump behind me. From the first carriage the sailor jumped on to a second, then a third, and so we eventually arrived at the bow of the ship.

Nearly all the passengers were assembled there. The sailors, under the supervision of the captain, were lowering one of the two undamaged lifeboats, fortunately the largest. Across the other side of the ship I saw a line of steep cliffs, brightly lit by the flames, stretching along the shore toward Lübeck. There was a good mile and a half between us and the cliffs. I could not swim, and although the place where we had run aground (we did not even notice how it happened) was in all probability not very deep, the waves were very high. And yet as soon as I caught sight of the cliffs I no longer doubted that I would be saved and, to the astonishment of the people around me, I jumped into the air several times and cried "Hurrah!" I did not want to go too near the place where the rest of the passengers were swarming in order to get to the ladder that led to the large lifeboat—there were too many old men, women, and children there. Besides, from the moment I caught sight of the cliffs I was no longer in a hurry: I was sure I was saved. I noticed with surprise that none of the children showed any fear, that some of them, in fact, fell asleep in their mothers' arms. Not a single child perished.

I NOTICED a tall general in a group of passengers. His clothes were streaming with water, but he stood motionless, leaning on a bench he had just pulled out and set upright. I was told that in the first moment of panic he had brutally pushed aside a woman who had wanted to get in front of him and jump into one of the first boats, which later overturned through the fault of the passengers themselves. One of the stewards had caught him from behind and flung him back onto the deck. The old soldier, ashamed of his moment of cowardice, swore that he would be the last to leave the ship, after the captain. Very tall, pale, with a red bruise on his forehead, he gazed with a crushed and resigned look upon his face as though asking for forgiveness.

Meanwhile I made my way to the port side of the ship and caught sight of a little lifeboat bobbing up and down on the waves like a toy. The two sailors in it were signaling to the passengers not to be afraid and jump—but that was not very easy: the *Nicholas I* was a very tall ship, and one had to drop with great skill not to upset the boat. At last I made up my mind to jump. First I placed myself on the anchor chain, which was stretched alongside the ship on the outside of the taffrail, and was just about to jump when something big, heavy, and soft fell on top of me. A woman clutched me round the neck and hung inertly on me. I must confess that my first impulse was to fling her hands over my head and in this way get rid of that heavy mass, but fortunately I did not yield to it. The impact nearly flung us both into the sea, but luckily the end of a rope was dangling right in front of my nose (I had no time to see



where it was suspended from), and I caught hold of it with such violence with one hand that I grazed the skin off it. . . . Then, looking down, I saw that my burden and I were just over the lifeboat and—we were off! I slid down—the boat cracked in all its seams. . . . "Hurrah!" cried the sailors. I laid down my burden, who had fainted, on the bottom of the boat and at once turned round toward the ship, where I saw a multitude of heads, especially those of women, pressing feverishly along the side.

"Jump!" I cried, stretching out my arms.

At that moment, the success of my bold attempt, the conviction that I was safe from the flames filled me with quite incredible strength and courage, and I caught the only three women who decided to jump into my boat as easily as one catches apples thrown from a tree at harvest time. Every one of these ladies, let me add, invariably uttered a piercing scream at the moment she jumped off the ship, and, finding herself in the boat, immediately fainted. One man, probably losing his reason from panic, nearly killed one of these unhappy creatures by throwing a heavy box which, on falling into our boat, burst open and revealed itself to be a rather expensive dressing case. Without asking myself whether I had the right to dispose of it, I at once presented it to the two sailors who, too, accepted my present without the slightest embarrassment. We immediately started rowing with all our might toward the shore, accompanied by cries from the ship: "Come back quickly! Send us back the boat!" When the water was no more than just two feet deep, we had to climb out. A fine, cold drizzle had been falling for almost an hour without having the slightest effect on the fire, but it drenched us to the skin.

AT LAST we reached the longed-for shore, which turned out to be nothing but a huge pool of liquid, sticky mud, in which we sank up to our knees.

Our boat left rapidly and, like the large lifeboat, began shuttling to and fro between the ship and shore. Only a few passengers were lost, eight in all; one of them fell into the coal hold and another was drowned because he would take all his money with him. This last, whose name I hardly knew, had been playing chess with me most of that day and did it with such a passionate abandon that Prince V—, who had been watching our game, could not help exclaiming in the end: "You play as though it were a matter of life and death to you!"

Nearly all our baggage, I fear, was lost, as well as the carriages.

Among the ladies rescued from the shipwreck was a Mrs. T—, a very good-looking and charming woman but too much taken up with her four little daughters and their nannies; that was why she had been left deserted on the beach, barefoot, her shoulders scarcely covered. I thought it my duty to play the gallant; this cost me my coat, which I had managed to save, as well as my cravat and even my boots. Furthermore, a peasant with a cart drawn by two horses, whom I had found on the top of the cliffs and sent on for the ladies, did not think it necessary to wait for

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

me and drove off to Lübeck with all my companions. I was left alone, half naked, soaked to the skin, in sight of the sea where our ship was burning itself out. I say "burning itself out" deliberately, for I could never have believed that such a leviathan could be destroyed so quickly. It was now no more than a large blazing patch of fire, motionless on the surface of the sea, furrowed with black outlines of funnel and masts, with seagulls flying round and round it in a circle—slowly and impassively. Soon it was just an enormous mound of ash, shot through and through with tiny sparks and then falling apart in large curves upon the no longer turbulent waves. "And is this all?" I thought. "Is our whole life nothing but a handful of ashes scattered by the wind?"

FORTUNATELY for the philosopher who had begun to chatter violently, another carter picked me up. He charged me two ducats for this, but he did wrap me in his thick cloak and sang two or three Mecklenburg songs I rather liked. I reached Lübeck at dawn. There I met my fellow castaways and we left for Hamburg, where we found twenty thousand silver rubles which the Emperor Nicholas, who happened to be passing through Berlin just then, sent us by his aide-de-camp. The men gathered and decided unanimously to offer this money to the ladies. We could do this all the more easily since in those days any Russian traveling in Germany enjoyed unlimited credit. Nowadays this is no longer so.

The sailor to whom I had promised a vast sum of money in my mother's name came to demand that I should carry out my promise. But as I was not absolutely certain whether he really was the same sailor and, moreover, since he had done absolutely nothing to save me, I offered him a thaler, which he was only too pleased to accept.

As for the poor old cook who had been so concerned about the salvation of my soul, I never saw her again, but of her it can certainly be said that whether she was roasted or drowned, she had a place reserved for her in heaven.

BOUGIVAL, June 17, 1883

A Visit To the Western Isles

NAOMI MITCHISON

A MAN looks up from his peat cutting, rests a foot on the three-cornered blade of the long turf spade, and wonders what at all has brought you to the island of North Uist in the Outer Hebrides. "He will be a tourist," says the woman behind who is piling the blackly shining cut turves into little huts so that the wind blows through and dries them. The pair are tall, dark-haired, and blue-eyed, both wearing heavy rubber boots for this job, and the fire of a joke crackles between them. But you will not understand; it is in nippy Island Gaelic, the words running together so that they'll scarcely make sense even to a mainland Gaelic speaker.

For why should anyone come to the island if he is not a tourist? People who work there don't think of it as a beauty spot. It is only now and then that a crofter suddenly sees it. He is working his infield and he looks along the plow and past his horse's ears and there is the wide shining of the sea, the brown and green patches of worked land dancing down to it, the orange fringe of the seaweed edging the rocks and beyond, islands and skerries, and far across, shadowy and half transparent in blues and purples like something in a story, the great mountains of Harris. While he is watching, a skein of duck come across, gabbling softly to themselves in the high air; the smoke from the croft house rises, a hover of peat scented blue; the machair—the low-lying ground—is alive with flowers. Bonny enough. But he will mind on the winter storms that the tourist does not see, the boom of the waves, the driven rain, the wind never for a moment easing down.

It rains often enough in summer too, but an easy, pleasant rain, not cold, followed by magnificent, sky-stretching rainbows. This is weather for the fisherman with rod and line, whether he is after the brown trout in the dark, peaty lochs starred with white water lily and violet bog bean, that nestle everywhere between the shoulders of the low hills and that spill short, glinting outfalls down into the sea, or else waist-deep in the exciting tidal sea pools where the big fast-moving sea trout leap and hide. And there can be August gales when the Atlantic lashes along the western seaboard and the wind soars up to hurricane force so that one clings half-blinded to the rocks. But suddenly it is over. On the long, lonely strand of Vallay, ripples break on exquisitely fine, pale sand; on the wave lines are cowrie shells, pink spotted with delicate brown, tiny brittle fan shells, or sometimes a floating nut that must have rocked its way thousands of miles from some far island. The sea is peacock-colored and calmed, and the clouds rolling in from the west are still fleecy and small, more storms and rainbows still two days ahead.

Crofters and 'Black Houses'

But nobody lives by beauty alone, not even the hotelkeepers who always have a flourishing bar trade. Most people on the Uists are crofters. A croft is an agricultural small holding, rented—often from the Scottish Department of Agriculture—for only a few pounds a year and with absolute security subject to a minimum of decent farming practice. The house belongs to the tenant and a croft is usually passed on by will. There is no land tenure quite like it anywhere else, nor is there any other landscape with quite the look of a long, straggling township, each house in its own croft, five or ten acres of land and rights in a common grazing. Nothing is fenced, partly because there is no wood for fence posts, and there are no gardens.

The houses are set at any angle, wherever there is a piece of flat ground; each has a peat stack over

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a man's height, maybe a few small conical hay or straw stacks. Ask one of the crofters what he is growing and, once he knows you aren't an inspector, he will tell you, pointing at the small, odd-shaped patches of dark, peaty land between the rocks: "There are my potatoes, enough for ourselves and a bag or two for my mother. There are my oats—no, those you are seeing will be my neighbor's. A queer shape of a field?" He laughs politely: "In America, now, you would be blasting the whole mountain and making a flat plain of it!"

These, then, are the subsistence crops, with meadow hay and grazing between the rotations. But where does the money come from? "Well," our friend says, "I've a souming of six cattle beasts and twenty sheep down there on the machair." This means that he raises store cattle for sale, and also, of course, has milk and summer butter for the house. A souming is his share of what can be grazed on the common land, and the machair is the stretch of comparatively level and easily worked land along the western edge of the Uists; blown shell sand makes the lime-loving grasses grow there. A good crofting township has land in the machair and also land in the wet, peaty hill ground behind it. In the old days the houses were on the machair and in summer the girls drove the beasts up to the green hill pastures, where they lived in summer huts, the shielings, making butter, cheese, and songs. The older people still remember that as a happy way of life.

Most of the croft houses, built with the help of government grants, are dourly plain, poured concrete with corrugated iron or slate roofs and uncompromising dormer windows. But you see a few of the old "black houses" with immensely solid low stone walls, windows tiny, the curved roof coming at a low slope to rest on the middle of the top of the walls, so that the rain drains off through the loose-packed stones. In the old days there was a central hearth on the earth floor, with the peat smoke streeling off through doors or windows or the turf itself, and in those houses the cattle beasts at one end of the house had only a low wall between them and the dwelling room and the sight of their mistress's fire. But now the black houses that are left have chimneys, often a modern stove, and maybe a little pretty porch, so that the wind doesn't blow straight in. They are divided into rooms with floors and ceilings, and the poor milch cows have been pushed out into a byre.

But good poetry used to be written in the black houses, songs sung and stories told. Something of that remains and people react strongly to any attempt to change the crofting life into anything nearer what we townsfolk think of as modern conditions. If they can have another job they will get by; the postman and the road menders are crofters,

and some have lobster boats with engines. They sell their lobsters well through a co-operative that markets them—often far away in the European capitals. There is still some splendid hand weaving, though few women will bother themselves with the hand spinning. Seaweed is collected and processed, cut in the small bays, and pulled around by rowboats to the drying shed in great floating mats. Yet there is never quite enough work to go around, not at least for the younger men.

Meanwhile, most of them in North Uist are left-wing Protestants, in terms of the religious Revolution, as they called it then, led by John Knox in the sixteenth century. Communion is taken not more than twice a year, and on Communion Sunday busloads of black-clothed communicants, the older women with jet-trimmed mantles and bonnets, converge on Lochboisdale in a magnificent and horrible certainty that they alone are in the right and everyone else set for the Bad Place. Island society is terribly dominated by such ideas, and preaching becomes painfully personal should anyone have been publicly guilty of the mildest Sabbath breaking or such crimes as "promiscuous dancing," that is, dancing with someone of the opposite sex. Dancing is grudgingly condoned if a single man by himself practices the Sword Dance or Shean Truibhis, but neither the kilt nor the bagpipes are really respectable. As to Village Halls: "Ah, they'd eat you alive sooner than that," a girl says, "but of course it's different altogether on the other island." For South Uist is a Catholic island, with a different collection of sins, but at least a kinder eye for dancing and secular singing. These islands went Protestant and Catholic with their lairds in the old days, but it takes more than an arm of the sea to stop boys and girls falling in love and sneaking across to meet one another.

Magic Chiefs and Lost Whisky

Below the roots of religion there are older things. These islands have been inhabited and fought over for a very long time. In the old days before the peat was laid down and there were still trees and perhaps a different climate, people lived in the wheel houses. One can still see the remains, half fallen in—for few of them have been excavated—along the coastal strip. They seem to have consisted of rooms dug out of rock and earth around a central space with a fire; there are remains of stone beds and cupboards. But there are also queer, winding passages, too low for an ordinary person. Were sheep driven in here during raids—or women and children on hands and knees?—or shall we just say, as older generations have done, that these are fairy dwellings? Later invaders set up the great standing stones that are landmarks still, where once a magic chief and his men were buried; later still the brochs, round fortresses with spiral staircases up the insides of the great hollow-built walls, used by raiders or raided who built and fought but left no writing and only shadowy stories.

All these ancestors before any known history! People are aware of them as also of the later ones. The

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Prince came here, sick and hunted after Culloden, but nobody in all the Islands betrayed him to the English, and the Flora Macdonald lassie, up at her father's shieling, seeing to the butter and cheese, she brought him safe over from the Uists to Skye: near enough time, that, scarcely more than two centuries. "And there would be plenty of whisky made in the old days?"

"Indeed yes, and the English Customs sore on us. Pabbay, there, was a great island for the barley, though there's not a soul living on it now. But in those days there were a dozen stills working and the Customs came to hear of it. My great-grandfather was digging the croft, a young lad. Didn't the Customs officers come on him and make him row them out! So he was rowing away, watching them grim in the stern, and how could he save the Pabbay folk from what was coming on them—prison and ruination? There was a rock he knew; he made one stroke with his starboard oar and brought her bow across; the rock clawed and caught. They were wet landing, and late: late enough for Pabbay. There was nothing there for them to find."

"And the lad himself?"

"They were black angry, but nothing to prove on him. He never went to prison. No indeed, he had honor from all the folk and lived to a great age." And we shake our heads over the lack of such noble doings today, although to be sure there was the good ship *Politician* that went ashore on Eriskay, just as it says in the film *Tight Little Island*—oh, a truer film was never made!—and there are still crates of whisky lost somewhere in fields that were hurriedly plowed over and the spot not marked, for indeed few men in Eriskay were in any state to do so accurate a thing.

A Sorcery with Time

Below the history there was always an undertow of magic. The old Church had a place for healing and charms for man and beast, where the names of Mary and the Celtic saints were powerful. Now these beautiful sung charms are only collector's pieces, but sorcery of a kind goes on and the Sight is endemic. If someone dies suddenly, either Mrs. So-and-so had a Warning or "It was strange, indeed, that there was no Warning." It may be the full Warning with sight of the coffin and identification of the bearers, or only a sudden definite premonition, but, whatever it is, it is painful and exhausting for those who have it, whatever kind of a trick with time it may be.

Maybe all this has to do with living on the edge of beyond with the seas ranging round us and the gray Atlantic seals singing half humanly to us out of the surf on summer evenings. Inland there are quaking bogs, often grown over with tall reeds. Be careful if you go there after duck or snipe; the ground gives and sways under your boot, it is only a skin of matted roots; there is no saying how deep the black water below. Be careful where the sea has eaten long clefts into the land, where foam and spray suddenly boil up, almost over the potatoes. Be careful of the North Ford; do not try to cross at low tide; the sands shift, the tide races up. Cross by boat at high tide, steering around and between the low grassy islands, with the geese flighting over them through the lazuline evening sky.

But soon there will be a road across from the North Uist to Benbecula, the small island between the Uists where the airfield is. You ask the boatman how soon it will come. "Och well, the County has it all in hand, but I can tell you this—we would never have it at all but for the rocket range."

"That will be on South Uist?"

"So they are saying," he says and gives the engine full throttle, for now we are in a heavy, boiling current, like treacle to steer in. "But how will it be with all the strangers coming in? Good enough money to be made, but is it what we are wanting? It will be an end of the Gaelic and our own ways, that's one thing sure."

He heads the boat round the end of another low island where the cormorants stand watching us. "It is queer the way we could ask and ask for roads and water and electricity and not be getting them, whatever government they might have in London, but now it is for another war, everything is there with no trouble at all, steel and concrete and cables, all the things they said they hadn't got!"

And you may talk to him about rockets for defense, or NATO, but he will not have the look of someone who believes in it. He was in the first war, when the men of the Islands went off eagerly to the Navy or into the Camerons and Seaforths, and only a quarter of them ever came back. In the second war there were fewer casualties, but far fewer men to go. He isn't to be sold on another war, not even a gadget one with rockets. He shakes his head.

It is certain that South Uist has a wonderful inheritance of song and dance and story, which will vanish if the language goes. People speak of all this uncomfortably, in bars and chapels, croft houses and post offices; doubtless there will have been songs made about the rocket range, going to the old tunes. Money calls one way, old loyalties another.

Giants and People from the Sea

South Uist is another long, low island; the west is all machair, pasture that perhaps has never been plowed, the common grazing of the townships, looking far out to where the storms came from. The east rises to low hills, cut into by winding sea lochs, wonderful country for rare flowers and rarer wild birds. Here are still more of the ancient burial places and dwellings of the ancestors, whom racial memory has changed into fairies and giants. Nor would it seem strange if seal men or swan women or dreadful sea horses were to come dripping out of this lonely sea.

There is a big weaving shed here, where beautiful tweeds are made, and a few shops in Lochboisdale where the steamers come in, and sometimes the bigger boats that have been out after herring or whitefish. But it is not enough to keep the young men at home, not even with the good prices the young beasts are fetching just now in the mainland markets. The young men look uneasily for jobs somewhere else, far from home. Yet if they leave their islands they will miss for the rest of their lives the soft air and the sound of the Gaelic, the feel of turf or light shells underfoot, the crying of the birds and the ever-present sound of the sea.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tenth Row Center At the Bolshoi Ballet

DOROTHEA BOURNE

BALLET, post-Diaghilev, is basically Russian, and trying to appreciate it without knowing what the Russians are doing in the dance is like trying to design women's clothes without any knowledge of French *haute couture.* Our hard-core balletomanes, a group that proudly counts its numbers in modest, or pre-Sadler's Wells, thousands, have some knowledge of ballet under the Soviets. In the big cities, by careful watching of programs at small art movie theaters, they have been able to see a fair number of Soviet ballet films, including some with Moscow's pride, the Bolshoi company and its great ballerina Galina Ulanova. Only a few years ago, for instance, there was the feature-length *Romeo and Juliet,* starring Ulanova.

But the small Soviet films were often only snippets of dances, fuzzily photographed, and *Romeo and Juliet* was done in a specially constructed cinematic setting that made it more a movie than a true ballet performance. What was lacking, then, short of an appearance of the Bolshoi Ballet itself in the United States, was a well-photographed and extensive look at the company's repertory in performance, i.e., onstage.

With the release in December of the J. Arthur Rank film *The Bolshoi Ballet,* produced and directed by Dr. Paul Czinner in Eastman Color, Americans have their chance to see the Bolshoi Ballet in full flight and full color. This film, made in England during the Bolshoi's 1956 appearances at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, is an adequate substitute until the company itself tours this country.

WHILE *The Bolshoi Ballet* is a far different affair from another notable British ballet film, *The Red Shoes,* it may very well please the same motion-picture fans whose curiosity about ballet was stirred by the popular 1948 movie. Though the current picture has no single sentimental story, it does have stories, or at least dramatic situations, and they are told simply. But there is no doubt that this film will appeal more to those who like what they have seen of straight classical ballet.

Dr. Czinner, who has long been interested in trying to capture on film great theatrical performances, has obviously given much thought to capturing the stage performance on film. Having decided where to place his eleven color cameras in relation to the stage, he has wisely let the

dancers do the rest. Czinner wanted a record, a documentary, of the company that would give the viewer a sense of being in the theater during a regular performance. This meant photographing a straight run-through, without stopping for corrections or improvements. It also meant using various angle shots to show the patterns and details behind the soloists.

From a central control spot, Czinner communicated by telephone to his camera crews in what is now familiar television technique, depending upon his own knowledge of the ballets for matters of angle, scope, and sequence. His main advantage over live television's method was that he could later determine at leisure which shots were truest to the performance from the viewpoint of the audience.

The Bolshoi Ballet, filmed in two early-morning sessions immediately after the regular performances, has many flaws, more cinematic than balletic. Though there are some blurred shots, and sometimes dancers' legs are cut off, on the whole *The Bolshoi Ballet* is a good technical job of filmmaking in what is as yet an exploratory field. Technical matters aside, it fulfills Dr. Czinner's hope: the viewer has an excellent seat and misses very little of what drove the British critics to un-British hosannas.

The first half of the film is given over to six divertissements, which range from the barbaric *Dance of the Tartars,* from Zakharov's 1934 *Fountain of Bakhchsarai,* to Galina Ulanova in Fokine's small tragedy, *The Dying Swan.* In most of these the emphasis is upon ballets in which dancing is strong and swift rather than light and lyric, but the six pieces give us a good look, both detailed and extensive, at what the Bolshoi company is doing and how it is doing it.

Some of the detail proves unfortunate. For example, Soviet dancers are more muscular than subtle in their acting; but since all stage dancing is necessarily broad in gesture and mime, this can be dismissed as a minor, though sometimes risible, detail. Much more important is that with six different dances to judge from, one is struck by how old-fashioned the Soviet dancers are in their use of technique. Much of it seems only that of talented students in the best western ballet schools, students who have mastered their muscles but have not yet had to meet the demands of a modern choreographer. And where are the new ballets?

Prima Ballerina Galina Ulanova

While our eyes will be critical, our spirits are sure to soar with the vitality and superb skill of the dancing, the sincerity of the miming, the intense love of dancing obvious in every movement of leading artist or member of the corps.

The high point of the film, what drew one into the theater in the first place, is Galina Ulanova's appearance in the title role of Giselle. Ulanova was forty-six when she danced at Covent Garden for Czinner's cam-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eras, and she has never been notably beautiful of either face or figure. Her plain Slavic face, with its extraordinarily high forehead, round eyes, and thin-lipped mouth, is not our (or perhaps even the Russians') idea of what a ballerina who is to play the very young, very pretty country girl Giselle should look like.

When she first comes onstage in the Bolshoi's rather standard, realistic production of old (1841) *Giselle,* and has to be in a girlish flutter over the gallant advances of her courtly lover, one cannot but notice the aging skin and thickening waistline. But by the time she begins to dance freely with the pursuing Count Albert (well danced by Nikolai Fadeyechev), one is drawn willingly to Ulanova's Giselle.

Who is Ulanova's Giselle? A girl who is so modest and sensitive to the beauty of first love that she must draw her skirt gently close to her as she invites her lover to seat himself beside her. A girl who is as shy of love as she is of her lover, but who, once caught, gives herself to both love and lover with a generosity close to glory. And when this girl finds that her lover is an aristocrat, and not the marriageable swain he has led her to believe, her pain is so real as to make her madness as inevitable as rain.

How, within a few bars of overly familiar music, does Ulanova change from a joyful girl into a raving maniac of a lovelorn woman? It is not clear; perhaps it never will be clear, even with this film to see over and over again. There are the familiar hands to the forehead, the hand to the heart, the swift running to her mother, then to her friends. But there is also the great artist Galina Ulanova. She or Giselle, she and Giselle, however it is done through Ulanova's artistic perception, go mad before one's eyes. It is not pretty, but neither does Ulanova attempt to increase Giselle's stature to that of a great tragic heroine. She is not Medea. She is simply a poor little country girl who goes mad.

In the second act, when Giselle rises from her grave to try to save the mourning Albert from being danced to death by the avenging Wilis (girls who have died after being jilted), Ulanova is more human than most Giselles-cum-Wilis. All her efforts to save Albert are done with a sense of withheld pain that makes her Wili a woman, however forlorn. So intense is Ulanova's characterization here that one no longer thinks of Giselle as "in two parts: the first mostly mime including the Mad Scene, and the second where the dancing comes in."

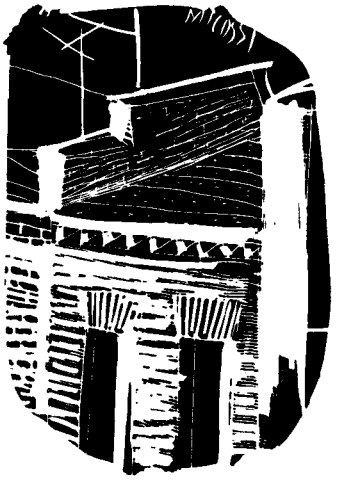
As for Ulanova, though she is no longer in her prime, the almost crescent-shaped arch of her foot and back are still matters for wonder. Her feeling for classical dancing and her understanding of the Romantic age—*Giselle* is the most typical as well as the most famous example in all ballet—are far superior to that of her colleagues of the Soviet ballet, and outstanding even in the West.

This film is worth seeing, if only for Ulanova's portrayal of Giselle. But for ballet fans of all persuasions, *The Bolshoi Ballet* offers rich fare. And Americans can at last argue the merits and faults of ballet under the Soviets. There will be comment on the vulgarity of some of the subjects and choreographic ideas, on the old-fashioned limitations placed upon the use of the classic technique and indeed upon the general artistic approach, but there are also the sheer strength of the male dancing, the delight in bravura display of technique by both sexes, and a lack of oversophisticated artiness. Above all there is Ulanova, at twenty-six or forty-six one of the greatest dance artists of all time.

CHANNELS:
Words of Two Syllables

MARYA MANNES

Perhaps the most wearing thing about television is that most of the time it talks in a language so bare, so elementary, and so lacking in overtones that it can only be called baby talk. Certainly the commercials are baby talk, complete with coo and wheedle; and some of them even press the toddlers into service to do the selling for them. I am thinking of the little girls who wash their dolls' clothes in Ivory and of the one little girl who, holding up a roll of paper, says "Hudson tissues tear so stwaight!"



Even the moderators of grown-up and presumably educational discussion shows seem under pressure to reduce statements of transparent simplicity to even simpler form, prefacing their capsule summaries with "What I understand you to mean, Mr. Withering, is that—" We hear Lionel Trilling, for instance, a man of subtle and complex intelligence, finding it necessary while he interviews Dr. Ernest Jones, the great disciple of Freud, to translate Dr. Jones's remarks into bland approximations.

It is therefore a matter of gratitude verging on rhapsody when grown-up talk does issue from the screen, and I would like to cite several such instances in recent weeks. One of them was David Susskind's production of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* on CBS-TV's du Pont *Show of the Month,* an hour and a half of extraordinary power and beauty in which not a child's word was spoken. Tailored as it had to be for the screen's limitations, the tal-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ent and maturity of Thornton Wilder came through remarkably intact, and it was like rain on a drought-stricken land to be in the presence of human beings who were not stencils but boldly and profoundly unique. I have not in years seen a more exciting communication of character than that of Judith Anderson as the drunken, tragic Marquesa de Montemayor, or one of more spiritual majesty than that of Eva Le Gallienne as the Abbess; it is hardly an accident that they are both actresses of considerable maturity. Except for the early grotesqueries of Viveca Lindfors as La Périchole and a slight fuzziness in Hume Cronyn's contracted part of Uncle Pio, the acting as a whole was of a high order. Only one small flaw kept the production from complete fulfilment, and that was the physical presence of the fatal bridge. Here again we come to the overexplicit, which is television's general flaw. For not only was there no need for the bridge, which stood largely as the symbol of love connecting quick and dead, but live television cannot re-create a physical disaster of such magnitude, for the mechanics inevitably betray the imagination. When the unhappy victims fell screaming from their fraying cat's cradle I did not see seventeenth-century Peruvians hurtling into a chasm but a group of actors collapsing in a heap on a bare stage, off camera. The bridge was for the kids.

Winning Words and Prizes

There was quite a lot of grown-up talk in other areas during the last month or so, and the first I remember was CBS's Howard K. Smith telling us *Where We Stand* in the stern, brave, uncomfortable language the President should have used long since. Then there was, and is, Eric Sevareid on the CBS *Conquest* series, in which science is lifted from gadgetry into the realm where it joins philosophy and poetry, a key to the nature of man.

The nature of man was deeply penetrated, too, by a remarkable film called *The Face of Crime*, one of the CBS *Twentieth Century* series. In this it was possible for the first time to watch and hear a young criminal under narcosynthesis giving expression to his subconscious

drives and fears, and to eavesdrop on a group-therapy session in which six or seven inmates of the Bordentown, New Jersey, Reformatory for Men examined, with extraordinary articulateness and passion, the basic causes for their behavior. The words "inmates" and "convicts," as a matter of fact, became anachronisms in this hour: these are men in need of understanding and help. And this alone made the film a public enlightenment of real importance.

Although Leonard Bernstein is addressing himself to children in his *Young People's Concerts* series, he does not use baby talk. He talks music, with the sonorous help of the entire New York Philharmonic Orchestra and the formidable resources of his own imagination. It is a fine thing for children to see a man in love with music, drowned in it, rapturous in it; to witness a kind of happiness, so many worlds removed from the squeals of hysteria that accompany the winning of a fifty-two-piece silver set on a quiz show.

There was grown-up talk on the show where Mike Wallace took on five Nobel Prize winners, and Lord Boyd Orr, that Scottish crag of seventy-seven, dared challenge our negative policy toward Red China and toward negotiation in general. To talk straight on TV it is apparently necessary to be old, or foreign, or—ideally—both.

Certain regular programs can be counted on for grown-up talk; *Camera Three* and *The Last Word* come to mind immediately. Nor are these the only instances of adult expression. From time to time each network comes up with its moment of truth, pricking the listless ear to sudden attention. (On CBS, unfortunately, this seems to have become the signal for cancellation. For "economy" reasons they are taking off the air their excellent Sunday *World News Roundup* and one of the very few programs for children that is really grown-up, *Let's Take a Trip*. They are also abandoning their *Seven Lively Arts* series, which survived one or two mistakes to come up finally with one of the best documentaries ever made: *Blast at Centralia #5*, a devastating indictment of bureaucratic buck passing.)

But for the enormous balance of time, the medium continues to soothe and suckle us, fearful that weaning might lose the baby audience. The manifestations of this nursing are infinite, but one stands out at this time as typical.

Lowell Thomas, in a series called *High Adventure*, continues in his global efforts to make the exotic trivial. It is extraordinary what his presence in a white Stetson and his travelogue phrases can do to make the plains of Africa as exciting as the Jersey flats, and Kilimanjaro like Bear Mountain.

THE FINAL cavil concerns the widespread and chronic belief that show people are interesting people. I doubt if an hour passes on any given day on television when an actor or an actress or a dancer or a singer is not interviewed, and I doubt equally whether there is one in a month who says anything of the slightest value. This is partly due to the simple-mindedness of the interviewer but even more to the nature of show folk themselves. The very nature of their work means that their personalities are in large part make-believe. Only those few who have reached the full power of maturity as artists recover their own indentity. The rest are masks and shadows. But they are pretty masks, I suppose, and the right illustrations for a primer.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How Can We Tell the Forest From the Cherry Trees?

MARCUS CUNLIFFE

GEORGE WASHINGTON, Vol. VII. FIRST IN PEACE, MARCH 1793-DECEMBER 1799, by John Alexander Carroll and Mary Wells Ashworth, completing the biography by Douglas Southall Freeman. *Scribner. $10.*

My reaction on finishing this book was one of satisfaction, relief, and disquiet. I will try in a moment to explain the disquiet. The other reactions are easier to account for. Like the late Dr. Freeman and his associates, though less arduously, I too have been in search of George Washington. The occasion was a short biography, completed before the appearance of the Ashworth-Carroll seventh and final volume. I had been fortunate in being able to draw upon the six previous volumes of Freeman's life of Washington. Living with them, indeed making them grubby with constant consultation and plagiarism, I knew how much labor and zeal they represented and on Freeman's behalf regretted that his death left the enterprise incomplete. Men occupied with large, worthwhile tasks should by special dispensation, I thought, be granted the breathing space to finish them. There were signs in Freeman's sixth volume of a sagging capacity. Even so, the achievement was considerable and deserved to be rounded off. But could his two associates carry the thing through?

To one's satisfaction and relief, they could and have. Their contribution, which covers the closing years of Washington's life, from 1793 to 1799, is a thoroughly respectable job: sober, diligent, articulate—and all pedigreed and authenticated by means of footnote, index, bibliography. Here is a massive historical undertaking brought to a decent conclusion in a manner that excites admiration and a degree of awe. As one of the truly great men of modern history—great to his contemporaries and in the eyes of subsequent generations too—Washington merited and even demanded extensive biographical treatment. The need has been handsomely met. Both George Washington and Douglas Southall Freeman, one might say, have been suitably commemorated; this is their joint memorial service.

Why, then, my sense of uneasiness? It arises from two sources: the particular problem of Washington as a subject for biography, and the general problem of biography as a branch of historical study.

The Myths Behind the Myths

When historians fail to answer a conundrum within their work they usually pass it on unsolved in the guise of a "paradox." Our present paradox is that whereas the biographer tries to confer immortality upon his subject, Washington has already been so immortalized that the biographer must struggle to "mortalize" him; that is, to reduce him to a credible, human scale. Or, to change the image, one must strive to "restore" Washington as a painting is restored, by removing the superficial accretions — myths, apocrypha, amateur retouchings, patriotic haloes, too dramatic highlights. Thus, the cherry tree will have to go, and the other vignettes that show him in conference with Betsy Ross, or standing precariously in that overcrowded boat, arms akimbo, crossing the Delaware, or kneeling to pray in the snowy woods at Valley Forge.

The result, however, is unnerving. To peel off successive layers of hero worship is merely to reveal others underneath, back and back in time, until the restorer feels he must stop before the bare canvas is reached. It becomes evident that during his own life Washington was already a myth and a monument as well as a man, and that what he was and what others took him for are inseparable. The "real man" cannot be wholly recovered. In fact, the biographer who attempts honestly to identify the "real man" ends up—if he eschews the vulgarity of the debunkers—by having added still further to the Washington Monument, by virtue of the very bulk and sincerity of his work.

In Freeman's first two volumes it seemed that a solution might have been found. The young Washington depicted in them was a human being. But in later volumes he little by little receded from view; we learned everything and nothing about him. In some degree the fault was inherent in Freeman's narrative method, which deliberately kept close to the scene as Washington saw it, but which thereby denied the author the freedom of maneuver and interpretation that might save the day. But it must be conceded that the problem of treating Washington biographically—at least by any orthodox method—is one of tantalizing difficulty.

A READING of this final volume on Washington made me uneasy for other reasons. It awakened doubts as to the function of biography, which in turn stir up doubts about historical writing as a whole. History, as we all know, is supposed to reveal some of the attributes of an art and some of those of a science, in combining exact scholarship with the literary and imaginative distinction expected of drama or fiction. Biography, we also know, is the branch of history that comes closest to creative literature in its purposes and effects. It is an ancient art form, but it still flourishes—witness the quantity of "lives" published each year, and the success of some in reaching an audience—and it flourishes for good reasons: by providing us with standards of human excellence (or depravity), by enriching our comprehension of mankind, and so on. Intelligent novels perform a similar service. But there is an added solid pleasure of *actuality* in biography that apparently makes some present-day readers prefer it to fiction as an art form.

What kind of biography, though? What length, for example? One could construct a convincing case for the biographical essay, which may occupy anything from, say, five thousand to sixty thousand words. It is not easy to write well, for it requires an unremitting effort at selection

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and control. There must be a strict gauge of relevance, and each fact must be made to count toward the total portrait. Still, when such an essay is properly fashioned—whether by Suetonius, Plutarch, or in a *New Yorker* Profile series—it can take honorable rank in the genre.

THERE IS also a strong case for the longish study of, say, 100,000 to 150,000 words. It allows the author to stretch himself, to develop the narrative, to explore character, to broaden the scene by including details that would be squeezed out of shorter biographies. There is much to be said for the one-volume biographical excursion that strikes a compromise between the nimble brevity of the essay and the full-dress bulk of—well, of a Freeman's *Washington.*

What case can we present for it and other multivolume performances? Again, in theory, a sound case. Often these are works of meticulous scholarship. Sometimes they are eloquently written, and by no means lacking in vitality or insight. Ernest Jones's recent three-volume life of Freud is an outstanding instance—and a reminder that biographers need plenty of elbow room when the *oeuvre* as well as the *vie* of their subject is to be examined. Or, in American historiography, one thinks of Louis Gottschalk's life of Lafayette, or Irving Brant on Madison, Dumas Malone on Jefferson, Arthur Link on Woodrow Wilson, Frank Freidel on F.D.R.—all of them (as yet incomplete) studies whose mass, though considerable, is not ungainly. I would maintain that the best biographical treatises of our period are superior to all but the best of the plump biographies of the past.

THEY SUFFER, though, from one elementary but formidable handicap. The trouble is not that they are dull, slipshod, jejune. It is the crude but fundamental trouble that almost no one can read them. Those potential readers who might have the time lack the inclination, those with the inclination lack the time. Which among us, even the professional historian who is, so to speak, paid to read them, has both time *and* inclination? Van Wyck Brooks has lately cast doubt on the numbers of volumes alleged to have been devoured by such famously omnivorous readers as T. E. Lawrence and Thomas Wolfe. I do not altogether agree with him. I would claim to have "read" hundreds, no, thousands of books on which I have spent an hour or two apiece, picking out what I needed here and there.

Nevertheless, Mr. Brooks draws attention to what is an almost terrifying modern problem. Who has not felt a kind of horror in penetrating the stacks of a big library? Part of it no doubt derives from dismay at the quantity of mediocre, turgid, superannuated stuff: this, for me, is the true expense of spirit. But in another sense they do not touch me;

I am emancipated from them. The larger despair comes from the contiguity of so much that is fascinating, valuable, to-be-read—yet unreadable because one will never have the opportunity. The rapid dip makes no impression on such abundance. Quicker-reading devices or research assistants (perhaps the two are synonymous) are not the answer either; they are symptoms rather than solutions of our plight.

The problem, as any librarian can testify, grows worse each year. As heirs of the past, we have a wonderful haul within our grasp, a haul that increases perpetually, not merely through our own contributions but also through the huge collections of correspondence, papers, and records that we keep on producing from the desks, attics, and archives of bygone generations. As trustees of the past, more respectful to it than ever before, we seem to be hoarding more than we can assimilate. The past eludes our grasp in proportion as we discover more about it. Each age has its characteristic ironies. One of our ironies, in the America of the 1950's, is that we appear to be losing the impulse to read while the amount of what is worth reading—or, for the scholar-historian, of what he is obligated to read—is steadily augmented.

The Tyranny of Evidence

These are obvious remarks, and they tend to provoke obvious responses—that we should not squander so many hours with television, or that specialists in scholarship should produce shorter and brighter books. Such arguments are usually beside the point, when they do not conceal notions that would be positively harmful to the cause of scholarship. Brevity and readability are dangerous criteria to apply by themselves. But consider once again the special situation of biography, as the category of historical study that one would expect to attract the widest audience.

The Carroll-Ashworth volume devotes a hundred pages to each twelvemonth of Washington's latter years, with an average of half a dozen footnotes to each page. I do not myself complain of this leisurely pace and lavish citation, having benefited a great deal from the existence of Freeman's huge compendium. But I would merely have dipped in the book if I had not had immediate occasion to work through it. Two comments suggest themselves. The first is that historians as a whole are increasingly apt to fall victim to what might be called the tyranny of evidence, and that biographers are particularly vulnerable. There is so much information available, and such pressure upon the scholar not to overlook any of it. In the ordinary monograph the historian is disciplined to some extent by the nature of his thesis; he can discard much as irrelevant. But the biographer, engrossed in his subject and anxious to be comprehensive, can all too easily slip into a sort of total recall, putting in everything he can find because everything is significant—or may be to some other scholar. The temptation is heightened where the biographer's

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

subject is a major historical figure. The bigger the man, the bigger the dimensions of the shrine to which he somehow seems entitled.

The second comment has to do with the habit of dipping. It is that multivolume biographies, like other voluminous historical works, run the risk of being treated simply as works of reference. Most of those published nowadays have excellent indexes. They can be left on the shelves, with the dictionaries and encyclopedias, until one wishes to discover quickly, say, where Washington lived in Philadelphia, or who acted as estate agent at Mount Vernon during his absence. But is this what the author or his publisher intended? Is this the proper function of biography? If not, what is to be done?

THESE QUERIES may appear frivolous. It may be impudent in the writer of a brief biography to carp at the far more sustained and exacting toil of others. My point is that the current state of biography can be taken as a measure of the complications that envelop historical scholarship in general. The time may have arrived for us to distinguish more sharply and more consciously between what is meant as a work of reference and what is meant as a work of interpretation. The former can be as massive as funds will permit. The latter, while not necessarily short or brilliantly readable, should at least be free from the burden of encyclopedic completeness. It may thereby escape that subtle inexactitude which comes from too much deference to the facts.

There are various signs that such a distinction is indeed being made. At least this may be one explanation of the rising interest in historiography—as proof that a growing number of historians are impatient with the enormous, unrefined historical product. For them, historiography is a distillation of experience and opinion. The same could be said of the emergence of intellectual history, and of the concern for myths and symbols in the beliefs of the past. All these trends have their attendant dangers. Historiography may serve as an outlet for timid scholars who would rather analyze their colleagues than endeavor to formulate views of their own. If clumsily handled, intellectual history and the related enthusiasm for myth and symbol can be as tiresome as the most plodding of old-style monographs.

THERE ARE two admirable examples in recent biography of what can be accomplished by scholars agile enough to attempt works of interpretation rather than those of reference. As their titles indicate—*Andrew Jackson: Symbol for an Age,* by John W. Ward, and *The Jacksonian Persuasion,* by Marvin Meyers—both books deal with Andrew Jackson. Both authors assume that we can dispense with the biographical background and concentrate instead upon more elusive aspects of Jackson as hero or as curiously ambivalent political leader. They are acute, lively, original studies. They make us yearn for similar explorations of other public men—not forgetting George Washington. And they serve to recall to the historical profession that, among its many pleasures and duties, that of compilation and annotation, while essential, ought to lead to the imposition of order upon the vast proliferating empire of print down in the library stacks. Otherwise, we shall never know what we know.

Monotonous Miracles On Thirty-fourth Street

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

AND THE PRICE IS RIGHT: THE R. H. MACY STORY, by Margaret Case Harriman. *World. $4.*

As only a few can have escaped knowing, Macy's has been celebrating its hundredth anniversary. This book, which no doubt was timed to coincide more or less with the event, is meant to be a chronicle of the first hundred years. Sam Rayburn, in an able blend of tact and accuracy, is reputed to have said of one of his colleagues a few months ago, "He's a mighty fine fellow except that he ain't honest and don't tell the truth." This volume attests further to a point, which has been made before in these pages, that those who write business histories have somewhat the same combination of virtue and fault.

Mrs. Harriman is unquestionably a nice person, and she is a deft and accomplished writer. In a manner of speaking she tells of Rowland H. Macy and the founding days on Sixth Avenue near Fourteenth Street; of the arrival of and take-over by the Straus family; of the multiplication of that distinguished clan; of the move to Herald Square in 1902; and of the growth and competition at, and decentralization from, this well-known locale. The flaw is that she confines herself exclusively to what has been agreeable. It's precisely as though one were to write the history of New York Democracy without mentioning Tammany or of the Eisenhower administration without mentioning McCarthy—or for that matter Dulles.

THUS A FEW years ago the head of Macy's New York was Richard ("Bobbie") Weil, Jr., a member of a cadet branch of the family. By all accounts he is a man who operates under exceptional cerebral pressure. Among other things, he was much

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHERE TO RETIRE ON A SMALL INCOME

This book selects out of the hundreds of thousands of communities in the U. S. and its island territories only those places where living costs are less, where the surroundings are pleasant, and where nature and the community get together to guarantee a good time from fishing, boating, gardening, concerts, or the like. The book never overlooks the fact that some people must get part-time or seasonal work to pad out their income.

It covers cities, towns, and farms throughout America—from New England south to Florida, west to California and north to the Pacific Northwest. It includes both Hawaii and American Virgin Islands. Some people spend hundreds of dollars trying to get information like this by traveling around the country. Frequently they fail—there is just too much of America to explore!

Where to Retire on a Small Income saves you from that danger. Yet the big NEW edition costs only $1.00.

ALL ABOUT ARIZONA

—the healthful state, where it's great to live and vacation

Just as a road map shows you how to reach your destination, Thomas B. Lesure's big book, *All About Arizona, the healthful state,* leads you to whatever you want in this fast growing state of sun and scenic wonderlands.

What do you want to know about Arizona?

Where's the best place to retire at low cost? Where are summers cool? Winters, sunny most of the time? Where are the best areas for a job or a business of your own? For a home? What must a newcomer watch out for when buying land . . . or a home? How high are taxes? Is it true that living costs are less than in the East? What about salaries . . . schools for my children my health?

Or do you want to tour this Grand Canyon State? What's the best way to see Arizona by car (or otherwise)? What is really worth seeing along the roads and down interesting side roads? Or in the cities, the national parks and the other four-star sights? What are those world-famous but relatively unknown four-star sights overshadowed by spectacular Grand Canyon? What is really the best way to see the Grand Canyon? The Indian reservations? The other Canyons? Which are the best places to eat and stay along the way?

What are the sure ways to cut travel costs in this big state?

Filled with facts, over a hundred thousand words in length, *All About Arizona, the healthful state,* almost brings Arizona to your door, answering these and a hundred other questions and giving you a richer, better picture of Arizona than many people have after living there for years.

To know all you should about Arizona before you go for a home, a job, a business of your own, retirement in the sun, or a vacation you'll always remember, read *All About Arizona, the healthful state.* Price Only $2.

BARGAIN PARADISES OF THE WORLD

Do you know where to find an island right near the U. S.—so nearly like Tahiti in appearance, beauty and color, even the natives say it was made from a rainbow? (And the costs here are so low you cannot only reach it but also stay awhile for hardly more than you'd spend at a resort in the U. S.?)

Do you know where to find the world's best mountain hideaways or its most dazzling surf-washed coastal resorts, where even today you can live for a song?

Do you know where it costs less to spend awhile, the surroundings are pleasant, and the climate well nigh perfect in such places as Mexico, the West Indies and the world's other low cost wonderlands? Or which is the one spot world travelers call the most beautiful place on earth, where two can live in sheer luxury, with a retinue of servants, for only $175 a month?

BARGAIN PARADISES OF THE WORLD, a big new book with about 100 photos and 4 maps, proves that if you can afford a vacation in the U. S., the rest of the world is closer than you think. Authors Norman D. Ford and William Redgrave, honorary vice-presidents of the Globetrotters Club, show that the American dollar is respected all over the world and buys a lot more than you'd give it credit for.

Yes, if you're planning to retire, this book shows that you can live for months on end in the world's wonderlands for hardly more than you'd spend for a few months at home or if you've dreamed of taking time out for a real rest, this book shows how you can afford it.

In any case, when it can cost as little as $24.50 from the U. S. border to reach some of the world's Bargain Paradises, it's time you learned how much you can do on the money you've got. Send now for BARGAIN PARADISES OF THE WORLD. Price $1.50. Use coupon to order.

WHERE WILL YOU GO IN FLORIDA?

FLORIDA needn't be expensive—not if you know just where to go for whatever you seek in Florida. And if there's any man who can give you the facts you want it's Norman Ford, founder of the world-famous Globetrotters Club. (Yes, Florida is his home whenever he isn't traveling.)

His big book, Norman Ford's Florida, tells you, first of all, road by road, mile by mile, everything you'll find in Florida, whether you're on vacation or looking over job, business, real estate, or retirement prospects.

Always he names the hotels, motels, and restaurants where you can stop for the best accommodations and meals at the price you want to pay. For that longer vacation, if you let Norman Ford guide you, you'll find a real "paradise"—just the spot which has everything you want.

Of course, there's much more to this big book.

If You Want a Job or a Home in Florida

NORMAN FORD tells you just where to head. His talks with hundreds of personnel managers, businessmen, real estate operators, state officials, etc., lets him pinpoint the towns you want to know about, if you're going to Florida for a home, a job with a future, or a business of your own. If you've ever wanted to run a tourist court or own an orange grove, he tells you today's inside story of these popular investments.

If You Want to Retire on a Small Income

NORMAN FORD tells you exactly where you can retire now on the money you've got, whether it's a little or a lot. (If you need a part time or seasonal job to help out your income, he tells you where to pick up extra income.) Because Norman Ford always tells you where life in Florida is pleasantest on a small income, he can help you to take life easy now.

Yes, no matter what you seek in Florida—whether you want to retire, vacation, get a job, buy a home, or start a business—Norman Ford's Florida gives you the facts you need to find exactly what you want. Yet this big book with plenty of maps and well over 100,000 words sells for only $2—only a fraction of the money you'd spend needlessly, if you went to Florida blind.

For your copy, fill out coupon today.

WHAT DO YOU WANT IN CALIFORNIA?

A job or a business of your own?
A vacation to Hollywood, San Francisco, Yosemite, elsewhere in California—at a price you can afford?
A place to retire on a small income?
A home in the sun, with year-around spring-like days?

No matter what you seek in California, William Redgrave's big book *California—the State That Has Everything,* shows you city by city, town by town, road by road, everything you'll find in this big state.

If you are vacationing, his clear and detailed facts just about guarantee you won't miss anything worth seeing and you will welcome his long lists of *recommended* restaurants, motels and hotels, where you can stop *at the price you want to pay.*

If you're looking for a job or a business of your own, *California—the State That Has Everything* gives you the facts you want. With William Redgrave's help you'll find the California that appeals to you—whole regions with just the degree of warmth and sunshine you want, with houses and rentals priced within your means. If you're single, you'll find the best places to live for the fun and entertainment you want. If you're a family man, you'll find the best places to raise a family. If you want to retire, you'll find the pleasantest places in all California to live on a small income.

There's so much more to this book—the facts you need if you're thinking of living in a trailer, the best places to fish and hunt, where to go for a college education, what you'll pay in taxes, how best to find your own retirement or vacation paradise, etc., etc. There's so much information, in fact, that you probably wouldn't learn as much about California in months, even years, of traveling around this big state as you can learn from this one big book. Yet it costs only $2. Mail coupon today for your copy.

Fill Out and Send at Once for Quick Delivery

Mail to HARIAN PUBLICATIONS
101 Prince Street
Greenlawn (Long Island), New York

I have enclosed $..... (cash, check or money order). Please send me the books checked below. You will refund my money if I am not satisfied.

- ☐ All About Arizona—the healthful state. $2.
- ☐ Bargain Paradises of the World. $1.50.
- ☐ California — The State That Has Everything. $2.
- ☐ Norman Ford's Florida. $2.
- ☐ Where to Retire on a Small Income. $1.
- ☐ ***SPECIAL OFFER: All 5 books above ($8.50 value) for only $6.***

Print Name .....
Address .....
City and State.....

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

concerned with bringing Mortimer Adler's views to bear on modern merchandising. There was certainly a very good story to be told on his relations with the company and, one imagines, an equally good one on his departure. Mrs. Harriman confines herself to saying that in 1952 "for various intramural reasons, Macy's and Weil parted company." This is really not terribly informative. There must also be an interesting story in Beardsley Ruml's association with and dissociation from the company; Ruml has always managed to add a considerable touch of color wherever he has been.

Even though the role of management personalities who are still living might seem to require some tact, this does not apply to other omissions. There is little mention of employment policies and none of the union and of labor relations. (She does say there was once a strike but fails to say why.) The war with the discount houses is soft-pedaled. So is practically everything else that was unpleasant or caused concern to management.

The author might want to argue that this book was not meant to deal with the great questions of department-store policy; that competition, labor relations, and changes in the top brass belong to another and more serious volume. But if this were meant to be a trivial book, it should have been totally trivial. She should not have dealt in such loving detail with the executive careers of the admirable and untroublesome Strauses. If labor relations are not part of the story, she should not have described the many Macy services for employees, the gay camaraderie among Macy workers, and the clubs, including those for employees with twenty-five, fifty (and prospectively if the science of geriatrics continues to make progress), seventy-five, and a hundred years of uninterrupted employment. If she is not concerned with competition, she should have left out the story of the Guelph-Ghibelline combat with Gimbel's.

IT ISN'T CLEAR how much Macy's had to do with this book, either by way of encouragement or by withholding or otherwise discouraging the less convenient part of the narrative. If it was involved, Mrs. Harriman has missed another point. Here is proof that Macy's has now lost its famous skill in public relations. Only a few thousand people read books of this kind. They are for a small but (one trusts) influential group. Certainly almost anyone diligent and curious enough to acquire a book about Macy's will be wise enough to sense that much has been left out. Some may even wonder what caused Macy's to take refuge in this fluff. Hiding something, eh!

Even if the company isn't involved, it has a grave obligation. Before the book was placed on sale, it should have been tested by Macy's Bureau of Standards.

Pelagians, Pessimists, And a New Look at the Prince

ANNE FREMANTLE

THE COURT AND THE CASTLE, by **Rebecca West.** ***Yale. $3.75.***

In this new study, Rebecca West surveys, first in *Hamlet,* then in Shakespeare's other plays, and then all through subsequent English literature, the status of the king seen as a symbol of human reason and ultimately of the human soul—reigning or failing to reign. She is immediately led to reverse all previous judgments on Hamlet, including Goethe's. She portrays him as a king called upon to fulfill a king's destiny—to rule his court from his castle. For her, he is no vacillator, and the great soliloquies betoken no wavering.

For Hamlet deliberately chooses, in defiance of the ghost's instructions, to postpone the murder of his king-uncle-stepfather: he will not kill him at prayer, lest he be saved; or before the succession is assured, lest Denmark be sans king. Hamlet, wholly aware of the sacral quality of the king in his court, faces and discusses all the abdications—Ophelia's madness, Yorick's foolishness, his uncle's sin—before consummating his own absolute abdication, in accepting death.

After reviewing the key concept of kingship in many of Shakespeare's other plays, Miss West goes on to discuss the idea of man, the sovereign, in relation to his court (environment) and to his castle (his will) in Fielding, Trollope, Thackeray, the Brontës, Proust, and Kafka, and divides them into pessimists and Pelagians.

Pelagius was a fourth-century layman whom St. Jerome declared "to be a Scot so full of porridge it had weakened his mind." His incurable optimism, which made him deny original sin and insist that Adam hurt no one but himself, was the very antithesis of Shakespeare's gloom. Shakespeare's view of man, that paragon of animals, is far grimmer than Calvin's, though there is little to choose in epithets between the former's "quintessence of dust" and the latter's "cottage of clay." Miss West prefers to call us "this pretty toy of creation."

It would seem that Shakespeare played heads I win, tails you lose with man's salvation. This is particularly apparent, Miss West contends, in all his discussions of the role of king. A king is necessary to society. Yet power is so perilous that no human being can exercise it without falling into sin. "Hence Kings and

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

usurpers, though moving in opposition, are equally immoral."

Miss West demands of every great work of art that it change for us the whole aspect of reality, for it must have an immediate bearing on the question that concerns us most nearly: "whether the universe is good or bad." In many—indeed in most—of his plays Shakespeare discusses the nature of monarchy. He demonstrates over and over again that it is at once a necessary and dangerous institution, and he constantly describes and condemns the man who, as Miss West puts it, "fails morally by being unable to assume the dangerous rule of governor: the good man born to be king" who cannot rule because he is too sensitive—or too squeamish.

Miss West admits it is a cruel dilemma, in life as in art, that the virtuous, in the very state of life to which they have been called, are constantly required to perform actions that change them from children of light into companions of darkness. But that the king who rules and the usurper who takes over power when the king fails in his job are equally at fault is not, as she admits, clear political thinking. Perhaps, she ventures, it is not political thought at all: "If Shakespeare talked nonsense about kings, and at the same time we know he . . . did not talk nonsense, but such sense that humanity has been compelled to listen to him through the centuries, it might be that he was discussing the sovereignty not of this world but of another. He may be thinking inconsistently because he is thinking not only of politics but of religion, a subject which, by its very nature, precludes consistency, since it depends on our sense that there exists, outside this world, a system of values different from any established by humanity, and that this system is superior to ours, and that no knowledge we possess of the world around us is so important as this obscure and doubtful perception."

Miss West next shows Fielding as optimistically opposed to Shakespeare, as happily certain that if a king does not govern well he simply must go. Fielding agreed with Pelagius that grace is the ability by which humans made themselves better, and

REALITIES OF RUSSIA

RUSSIAN LIBERALISM

From Gentry to Intelligentsia

By GEORGE FISCHER. Was there ever a chance of a Western type of free society in Russia? In this important book, Mr. Fischer traces the plight of the liberal in Russian society from the Great Reforms to the 1905 Revolution. He points out the attempts at reform made by Russian liberals, why these attempts failed and the light that Russian liberalism throws on the dilemma of many underdeveloped societies today. **$4.50**

DOCTOR AND PATIENT IN SOVIET RUSSIA

By MARK G. FIELD, with an introduction by Paul Dudley White. This remarkably informed work moves from a discussion of the history and development of medical care in the Soviet Union to the physician and his social role and finally to the patient. We see how the actions of the Ministry of Health and of the individual physicians are strictly controlled by the Party and how the emphasis on production in Soviet society even changes the standards by which one is considered sick or well. Chapters on the patient draw on over 1600 written questionnaires. **$5.00**

SOVIET TRANSPORTATION POLICY

By HOLLAND HUNTER. Those interested in the development of Russia as an industrial power will find this book unusually revealing. It is well-known that most nations in their developing stages place great emphasis on expansion of transportation facilities. Russia, with apparent success, is an exception to this rule, however, and Mr. Hunter has written a thoroughly documented analysis of the wisdom of the Russian policy from the middle 1920's to the present day. **$8.50**

HOW RUSSIA IS RULED

By MERLE FAINSOD. "The fullest and most reliable study of the Soviet political system that has yet been written . . . Deserves as wide a public as possible." *The Manchester Guardian.* **$7.50**

Books from the Russian Research Center, Harvard University

Many other aspects of Soviet affairs are fully treated in authoritative books from the Russian Research Center of Harvard University. You can obtain able treatments of Soviet military organization, taxes, public opinion, industrial production, law and justice, minerals, ideology, internal politics, and other subjects. Write for a descriptive catalogue of the Russian Research Center Studies now available.

Through your bookseller, or from

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
79 Garden St., Cambridge 38, Massachusetts

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thereby also more comfortable. And Emily Brontë comes in on Fielding's side: "She believed that incorrupt will existed, and could save mankind."

For Miss West, the snobbishness of Thackeray and Proust, pessimists both, is a device by which they demonstrate the corruption of the court while condemning it, and the bureaucratic absolutism of Trollope and of Kafka—also pessimists—are masks concealing their concern for what goes on at the castle. The king has left Trollope's court and the usurpers are in number as the sands of the sea.

BUT IT IS WHEN she comes to Proust and to Kafka that Miss West's Pelagian-pessimist contrast puffs triumphantly into the open, like a train emerging from a long tunnel. For Proust and Kafka wear the Ten Commandments at all times clearly displayed, like identification disks at a Lions convention; they agree with St. Augustine that no action is good which is not the product of the love of God; they are all outsiders here, because the "consistent universe," which Proust tells Albertine is the private province of every great writer, is for them coterminous with Plato's "dear city of Athens, dear city of God."

But though Miss West gives Proust almost unstinted praise, she dismisses much of Kafka with scant courtesy. A great deal of what he wrote, she says, is not worth study. His admirers have curtsied, it is true, to half lines and unfinished paragraphs and thereby done their hero disservice. But to dismiss *The Metamorphosis* as "another absurd *avant garde* story" is surely to throw out the baby with the bath, for if ever a tale proved Miss West's point it is this poignantly anti-Pelagian story. The white-collar worker who wakes one morning to find himself changed into a monstrous cockroach is certainly "Christian," alone aware of his burden, in the mocking City of Destruction, aware that what he is, not what he does, is sinful, wholly helpless to redeem himself, with no future but death. Nor does Miss West, in discussing *The Castle,* seem to realize that Frieda is Mary to Pepi's Martha: Frieda who with her calm "gets something that can be got easily and without much ado." The contemplative, as always, has chosen the better part. And this blind spot is the more curious in that Miss West sees Proust's masterpiece as a "raffish . . . godless, but relentlessly moral *Pilgrim's Progress.*"

While Miss West rightly notes Shakespeare's horror of the destructive power of sex "past reason hunted, and, once having had, past reason hated," she equates Kafka's distaste for sex perhaps too simply with Shakespeare's. For Kafka finds compensation and mitigation, as he shows when writing to Milena after they had spent four days together: "Today Milena, Milena, Milena! I can't write anything else . . . Am I not right not to have completely recovered? Am I not right, Milena (spoken into your left ear while you're lying there on the wretched bed in a deep slumber for an excellent reason)?" No; for Kafka, sex is not sin. It is merely one of the more agreeably paradoxical consequences of Adam's fall.

And finally Miss West thinks that in the last analysis the function of literature at its highest is described by Kafka in his comment on the German word *"sein,"* which "has two meanings, to exist and to belong to Him."

A Pious Nostalgia For the Days of the Scoop

OTTO FRIEDRICH

DEADLINE EVERY MINUTE: THE STORY OF THE UNITED PRESS, by Joe Alex Morris. *Doubleday. $5.*

The "Unipresser," one gathers from Mr. Morris, excels even the Eagle Scout in being trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean, and reverent. Nor is that all. As with Clark Kent of the *Daily Planet,* his serge suit merely disguises the blue tights marked with the familiar monogram "S" for Superman. No wonder, then, that the Associated Press merely lurks in the background as the ogreish "opposition," always threatening but always, as Mr. Morris quaintly puts it, "scooped."

Most of the highlights are covered, after a fashion, in Mr. Morris's Hollywood-style saga of UP reporters ferreting out international diplomatic secrets or parachuting behind enemy lines. There is, for example, Roy Howard's "scoop" ending the First World War on November 7, a false report which Mr. Morris thinks "may well have been the work of a German secret agent," and the AP's "scoop" ending the Second World War on the right day but through "a breach of confidence." In other words, the UP, which just happened to be celebrating its fiftieth anniversary coincidentally with the appearance of this book, is always first and best, except when it isn't, and on those sad occasions it is not really to blame.

To the extent that Mr. Morris has any serious purpose, it lies in trying to portray the UP as a champion of free competition in the international flow of news. There is no doubt that the UP has shouted for freedom of information, as have the AP, INS, and all other organizations that sell news. They all denounce censorship too, as do the Hollywood studios and the exposé magazines. There is also no doubt that the UP has brought

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the benefits of competition to the American wire-service business.

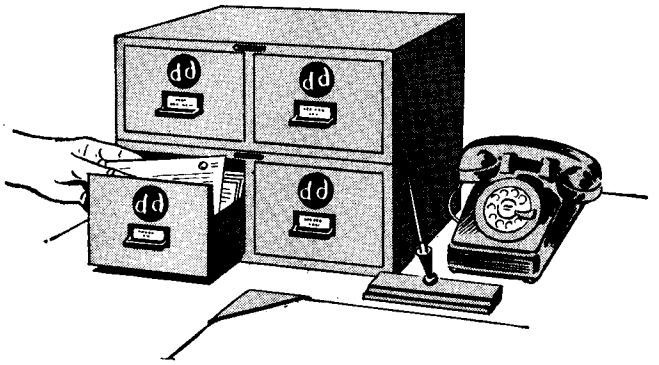
But Mr. Morris, with the veteran UP man's love of "hitting the main angle," ignores most of the subtler questions that are fundamental to both the UP and the news business. Is competition in itself necessarily a virtue, or are there serious drawbacks that offset the obvious benefits? To what extent, indeed, is there an inverse ratio between the degree of competition and the degree of responsibility in the field of news? To what extent does extreme competition, in selling news or any other intangible, bring out not the best possible product but the worst, aimed at the lowest common denominator? In specific terms, it is well known that the disaster story with the highest death toll gets printed on the front page and sells papers at the newsstands; it is also known that corrections and denials get printed on page 50, if at all.

The Almighty H.F.R.

This leads to the basic question of the means provided to get news and the end product the UP man is expected to produce. It is an uphill battle against the AP's co-operative of member papers and the foreign agencies' government support, but Mr. Morris ingenuously adopts the UP's theory that you can cut corners safely and indefinitely by marshaling underpaid young men and exhorting them to work hard and use their ingenuity. Mr. Morris cites only the most celebrated successes. But try to imagine one such $75-a-week man stationed next to an Agence France-Presse printer in Paris and expected to rewrite its dispatches as "coverage" of the French National Assembly, a plane crash in Savoy, riots in Morocco, a battle in Indo-China. How reliable can he be? It is, in fact, not the reporter but the unglamorous rewrite man, unmentioned by Mr. Morris, who does most of the work that keeps both news agencies and newspapers in business. Though hungry writers may be as eager as hungry fighters, the gap between the raw material and the finished story will almost necessarily remain a gap between the actual historic event and the souped-up description of it that goes into print.

This does not mean that the UP

Deadline Data on Foreign Affairs



A capsule library of facts on every country throughout the world compiled on convenient, easy-reference file cards. Includes the most important data from the beginning of recorded history which puts today's news in perspective. Essential for editors, business executives, diplomats, educators, students and librarians.

SUCCINCT—all the facts without padding.
OBJECTIVE—distills events, doesn't interpret them.
COMPLETE—every subscriber receives desk-size 4-drawer steel cabinet and more than 3,000 information-filled cards in time-saving, alphabetical order.
CURRENT—updated every week.

For Information and Sample Cards call LE 5-9550, or write . . .

DEADLINE DATA, INC.
1078 Madison Avenue, New York 28, N. Y.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....
Telephone No. .....

EUROPE
Summer 1958—9 Weeks

We'll see the usual, plus North Africa, Yugoslavia, East Germany, Czechoslovakia, Berlin, and Denmark. A low-priced, different kind of trip for the young in spirit who don't want to be herded around. Write to:

EUROPE SUMMER TOURS
255 Sequoia — Pasadena, California

THE FAMOUS BOOK THAT ANSWERS THE NATION'S NEED — AND YOURS

MATHEMATICS for the MILLION

By LANCELOT HOGBEN
3rd REVISED EDITION. 36th PRINTING
Only $6.95 at all bookstores
NORTON

RUSSELL KIRK
Author of *The Conservative Mind*
is now editing *MODERN AGE:*
A CONSERVATIVE REVIEW
Quarterly—$3.00 a year
"Speaks out forthrightly"—*London Times*
FREE COPY ON REQUEST
Write Foundation for Foreign Affairs, Inc.
64 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Ill.

French & Italian Magazines
Subscriptions Wholesale
European Publishers • Italian Publishers
1007 TIMES TOWER • NEW YORK 36
Retail dealerships in U. S. A. open

POSTAL ZONE NUMBERS, PLEASE!

When you subscribe to The Reporter—or renew your subscription—or give The Reporter to friends—please be sure that you include the postal zone number in addresses.

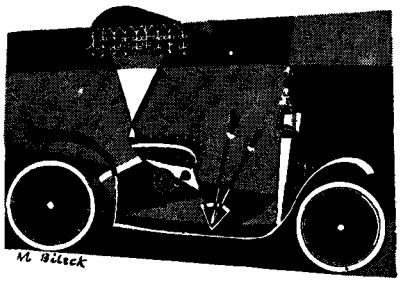
The postal zone number is an integral part of an address and helps the Post Office to make surer and swifter deliveries to you.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

never sends reporters to cover a story. On the contrary, it sometimes deploys more than are needed. But since the five- or ten-minute beat is commercially all-important, the wise wire-service reporter spends his preparatory time figuring out communications routes to make sure his story is first, not that it is more meaningful.

In fact, the best way to get a story into a newspaper is to write it and send it before the event even takes place. Now routine on the handouts that make up such an excessively large part of the news, this technique (known as H.F.R., or hold for release) is also commonplace on major Senate votes, Presidential inaugurals, and so on. It may lack the touch of something actually experienced, but the machine-made H.F.R. is a great convenience to everyone, and Mr. Morris boasts of the UP's role in pioneering it. He gives no indication, however, that such methods bear any relation to the pious talk about the free flow of news and an informed citizenry.

AFTER FIFTY YEARS, the UP still enjoys occasionally behaving like an off-Broadway show, with off-Broadway salaries and now a slick history of its off-Broadway antics, but it has inevitably become a big business, an institution, a fat cat. It is good, in a nostalgic sort of way, to read about long-time UP President Hugh Baillie muscling in on a Republican strategy conference and clenching his fists at the aged Senator Henry Cabot Lodge. In his later years, the old soldier produced only one or two stories a year, which evoked from all the vice-presidents and would-be vice-presidents a storm of service messages that sounded as though Henry Ford had returned to the plant and built an automobile with his own hands.



Mr. Dulles's Predecessor Surveys the World

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

POWER AND DIPLOMACY, by Dean Acheson. *Harvard University Press. $3.*

There is something of the eighteenth century in the concision and elegance of Dean Acheson's writing. There are no mannerisms of course, no sonorous reminders of Gibbon, no self-conscious playing about with classic rhythms. Nor does he need researchers to match his thinking with apposite quotations from Thucydides, Montaigne, or Pascal. Like Judge Learned Hand, Mr. Acheson continues the great tradition of the lawyer-humanist, drawing his passion for accuracy from the law, his knowledge of affairs from experience, and a certain timeless serenity from his awareness that no man's experience can be complete that does not include a haunting sense of the past. These remarks on style are not irrelevant; they explain the persuasiveness and seeming finality of Mr. Acheson's masterful survey, *Power and Diplomacy*. It would appear that they also explain its possible limitations.

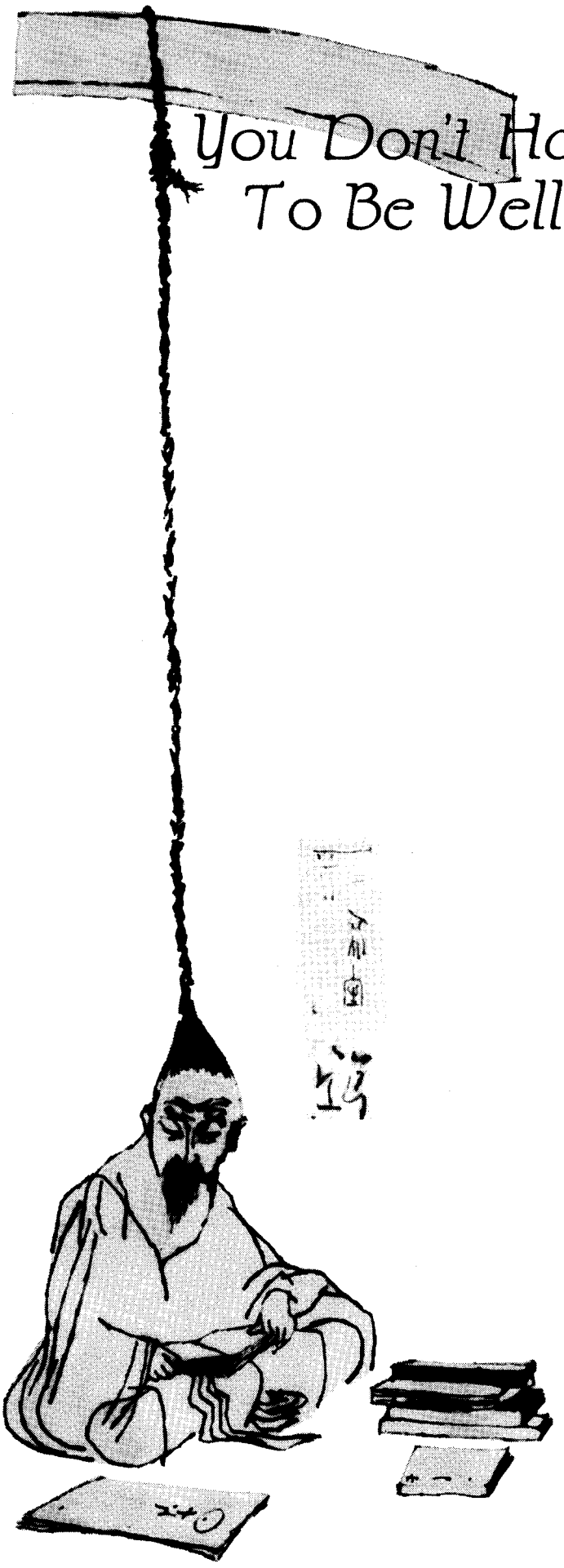
THE BEST MINDS of the eighteenth century believed in reason, rules, and systems. But they did not think that the society of their times was stabilized forever—they were intensely conscious of impending change—and, certainly, they were not ungenerous. They were ready to welcome change and even provoke it, but the change they envisioned was always meant to enlarge and extend a rational system entirely dependent on man's freedom. It is in this spirit that Mr. Acheson devotes himself to the illustration and support of a policy of enlightened containment.

In his view the non-Communist world is not just a fortress to be defended regardless of who may happen to live within its walls or what they may happen to be doing. It is the perfectibility of the non-Communist world with which he is concerned, a world that can be defended with some hope of success only if it expands, grows strong, moves forward. It is to accelerating this process that our sense of urgency must be applied. It is to permit this development that our defense must be made strong. We arm not in the vain hope of someday acquiring a military superiority that will permit us to crush the adversary—Mr. Acheson knows that nuclear war is suicidal—but in order, by a balance of terror, to buy time until today's non-Communist alliance expands into a great and determined alliance, entirely unconquerable, of the finally free and freed peoples of the world.

Our country is called to leadership in constructing that alliance—but the Suez affair, and so many others, demonstrated that our diplomacy is not even leading the alliance we already have. Everything, Mr. Acheson maintains, starts with NATO. Western Europe cannot hope to stand firm against the Communists unless its alliance with the United States is made increasingly close. But western Europe and the United States are doomed, with no shot fired, if the uncommitted nations do not choose to live in solidarity with the nations committed to freedom.

MR. ACHESON'S PLAN is imposing. But he would be the first to recognize that it condemns us to a protracted and fearful vigil in arms. It is logical and unavoidable that so unyielding a policy should prompt the search for other ways of counteracting Communism. For it cannot be doubted that the effectiveness of containment is becoming more and more problematic. Can this be attributed altogether to the fatuous methods of the Republican administration, or does the fault lie at least partially in the diplomatic aims it inherited?

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



You Don't Have to Suffer To Be Well-Informed!

THE GREAT Chinese scholar Sun Ching used to tie his pigtail to a ceiling beam to prevent himself from dozing over his books.

REPORTER readers need no such precautions—for though the letters we receive show that thousands of people (among them scholars) *dote* on THE REPORTER, we've never heard of any dozing over it.

In fact, many of our readers write that for the first time they find that keeping up with world affairs is not a chore, but a fascinating adventure—full of events and ideas, people and places, actions and emotions.

THE REPORTER is more rewarding reading bacause it doesn't simply *accept* the news as it appears—it digs up the missing pieces. It raises the important questions and runs down the answers. And in following events to their logical conclusion, in insisting on publishing the *full story*, THE REPORTER has uncovered so much original information that it has already won eleven top journalistic awards.

When you read THE REPORTER, you get a clear sense of the *continuity* of events. Each issue fills in your world picture more fully—adding depth, detail and color as the news unfolds. That's why it's so important to read THE REPORTER *regularly*.

To make it easier for you to enjoy THE REPORTER every fortnight, we're offering a special introductory rate to new subscribers. You can follow *all* the significant news for less than a penny and a half a day.

The next 18 issues will cost you only $3.27

And you may take advantage of this introductory rate to send subscriptions to your friends, too. Your subscription—or theirs—will begin as soon as we receive your order, so why not mail the reply card opposite right now?

You needn't send any money. We'll be glad to bill you later, if you like.

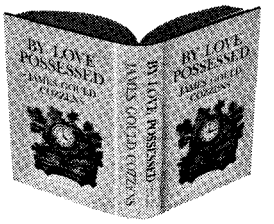
Regular rates: 1 year $6, 2 years $9.50, 3 years $12
Add $1 per year for foreign postage

THE REPORTER

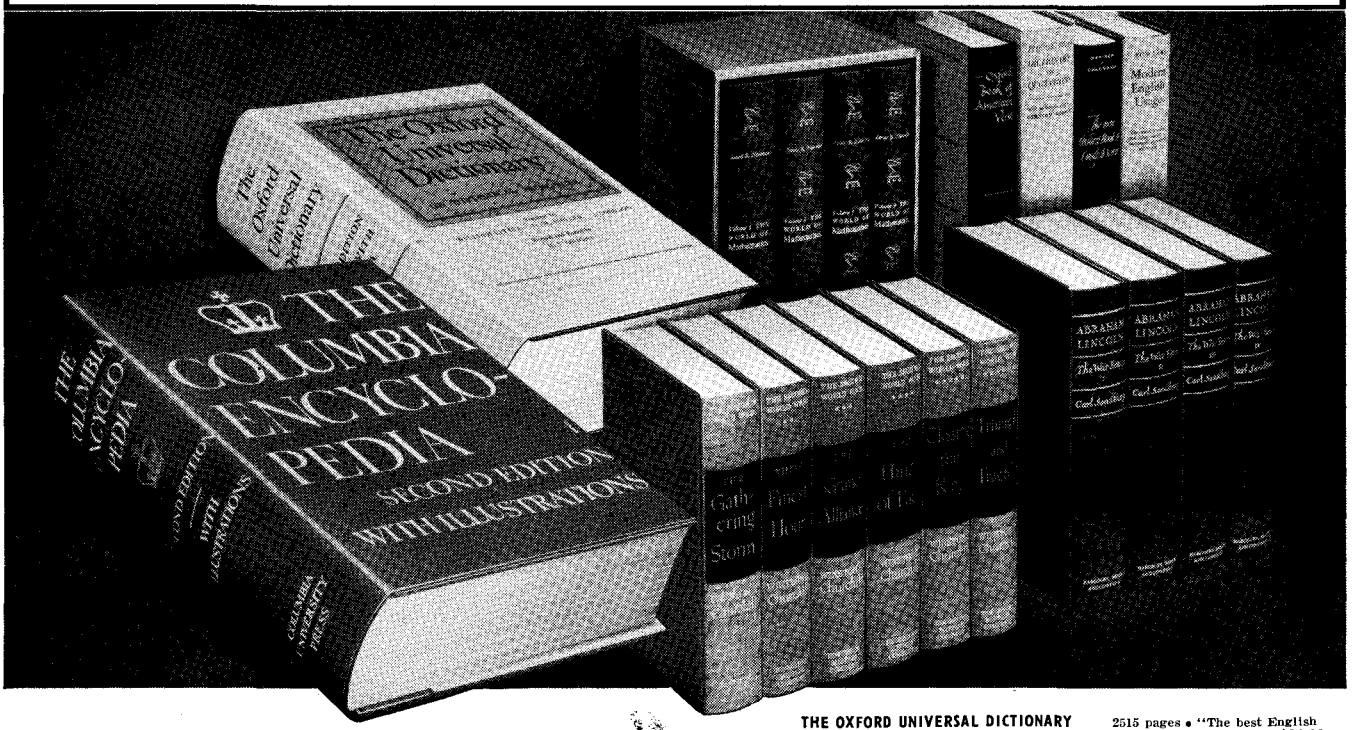
136 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You may often have considered joining the BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB and now is a particularly advantageous time. For you can begin with one of the most highly praised novels in many years . . . **By Love Possessed** by JAMES GOULD COZZENS . . . or with any of the other books listed in the coupon.



Special price (to members only) $3.95



ANY ONE OF THESE *Given to you*

WITH THE FIRST BOOK YOU BUY AS A MEMBER IF YOU AGREE TO BUY FIVE ADDITIONAL BOOKS DURING THE NEXT YEAR

THE OXFORD UNIVERSAL DICTIONARY 2515 pages • "The best English dictionary of its size"—*N. Y. Herald Tribune* **RETAIL PRICE $25.00**

THE NEW ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF THE COLUMBIA ENCYCLOPEDIA Compiled at Columbia University • 2302 pages **RETAIL PRICE $35.00**

CHURCHILL'S THE SECOND WORLD WAR All six volumes of Sir Winston's epic history **RETAIL PRICE (if bought separately) $39.00**

SANDBURG'S ABRAHAM LINCOLN—THE WAR YEARS In four volumes **RETAIL PRICE $36.00**

THE WORLD OF MATHEMATICS Four volumes, boxed **RETAIL PRICE $25.00**

THE OXFORD REFERENCE LIBRARY Four vols. **RETAIL PRICES TOTAL $27.25**

GOOD SENSE—A TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION: There are at least three benefits of membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club that are beyond question. First, you get the books you want to read instead of missing them through overbusyness or procrastination—books such as BY LOVE POSSESSED by James Gould Cozzens, and other examples listed in the coupon. Second, you pay *an average of 20% less* for them than otherwise. Third, you share in more than $13,000,000 worth of free books (retail value) now distributed annually as Book-Dividends. This offer really represents "advanced" Book-Dividends earned by the purchase of the books you engage to buy later.

✶ **The books you agree to buy later can be chosen from at least 100 Club Selections and Alternates made available during the year.**

✶ **Each month you receive a full and careful report about the next Book-of-the-Month. If you judge it is a book you would not enjoy, you may send back a form (always provided) specifying some other book. Or you may simply say, "Send me nothing."**

✶ **If you continue after this trial, you will receive a Book-Dividend, averaging almost $7 in retail value, with every second book you buy.**

✶ **Immediate acceptance is advisable if you are interested in any particular set or volume.**

BEGIN MEMBERSHIP WITH ANY OF THESE BOOKS

- ☐ **BY LOVE POSSESSED** by James Gould Cozzens *Price (to members only) $3.95*
- ☐ **THE NEW CLASS** by Milovan Djilas *$3.95*
- ☐ **THE SCAPEGOAT** by Daphne du Maurier *$3.95*
- ☐ **BELOW THE SALT** by Thomas B. Costain *$4.25*
- ☐ **ANATOMY OF A MURDER** by Robert Traver *Price (to members only) $3.95*
- ☐ **THE FBI STORY** by Don Whitehead *$4.95*
- ☐ **THIS HALLOWED GROUND** by Bruce Catton *Price (to members only) $4.25*
- ☐ **A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLES** by Winston S. Churchill
- ☐ **Vol. I: The Birth of Britain** *Price (to members only) $4.50*
- ☐ **Vol. II: The New World** *Price (to members only) $4.50*
- ☐ **Vol. III: The Age of Revolution** *Price (to members only) $4.50*
- ☐ **A STUDY OF HISTORY** The two-volume abridgement of the Toynbee work *Price (to members only) $5.95*
- ☐ **LETTER FROM PEKING** by Pearl S. Buck *$3.75*
- ☐ **MR. BARUCH** by Margaret L. Coit *Price (to members only) $4.95*

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc., 345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N.Y. A1052A

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club* and send, free, the work I have indicated below with the purchase of my first selection, indicated above. I agree to purchase at least five additional monthly Selections—or Alternates—during the first year I am a member. Thereafter I need buy only four such books in any twelve-month period to maintain membership. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying six Club choices. After my sixth purchase, if I continue, I am to receive a Book-Dividend* with every second Selection—or Alternate—I buy. (A small charge is added to cover postage and mailing expenses.)

PLEASE NOTE: A "Double Selection"—or a set of books offered to members at a special combined price—is counted as *a single book* in reckoning Book-Dividend credit, and in fulfilling the membership obligation.

PLEASE SEND ME, WITH MY FIRST PURCHASE SPECIFIED ABOVE

(Choose one of the reference works or sets illustrated above)

Mr. / Mrs. / Miss .....
(Please print plainly)

Address.....

City.....*Zone No*.....*State*.....

Books for Canadian members are priced slightly higher, are shipped from Toronto *duty free*, and may be paid for in either U.S. or Canadian currency.

***Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and in Canada*

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED